

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1992

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



PET OF THE YEAR SPECTACULAR

SKIN TRADE

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Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 13 No 1/January 1992 Black Label Edition



Cover by John Harroll



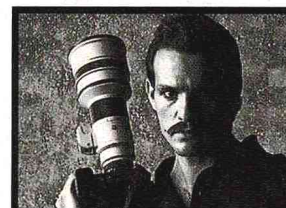
NEIL THWAITE



RICHARD SLEEMAN



BRETT STEVENS



WAYNE MILES

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*Recommended price only



Gamesmanship



Skin Trade



Young Gun



Helicops

housecall

GAMESMANSHIP

Even before the Games begin, before the first race is run and the first lap swum, the toughest Olympic competition of them all has been won and lost behind closed doors. We're talking here about the bidding battle between the would-be-host cities, all of them desperate to plug into the Olympic money socket, and depending on who you talk to, willing to do almost anything short of murder to get the nod from the International Olympic Committee. Beginning on page 26, **Richard Sleeman** uncovers allegations of bribery, sexual favors and rorts at the highest level of international sport. **Neil Thwaite** created the opening illustration.

SKIN TRADE

Forget loggers, miners and developers. Animal smugglers are the latest eco-villains to loom large in our damaged and over-exploited global environment, collecting rare and exotic animals to sell to well-heeled buyers and in the process pushing endangered species to the brink of extinction. Got a spare \$250,000? That's how much a couple of frillneck lizards are worth in Japan, and plenty of other scarce Australian animals command similar prices. According to **Wayne Miles**, well-organised international syndicates have targeted Australian wildlife, and if we don't stop them now, we could lose many of our native beasts and birds forever. Catch Miles' story and photographs on page 34.

YOUNG GUN

He may be only just out of his teens, but this is one kid who knows where he wants to go and is going there fast — clutch out, throttle high and engine screaming. **Daryl Beattie**, Australia's latest motorbiking-megastar-in-the-making, has been training half his young life to make it into motorcycling's top grade, the 500cc Grand Prix race series, determined to follow hard on the tyre tracks of such as **Gardner** and **Doohan**. But as **Mark Reed** found out, there's nothing star-struck or big-headed about Beattie. Unlike others, he keeps a low profile and lets his racetrack riding do the talking. Turn to page 48 for a profile of this level-headed young gun.

HELICOPS

Depending on which side of the fence you stand, they're either angels from heaven or a hovering menace, but whether you like 'em or not, police helicopter units have become a fact of life the world over. **Brett Stevens**, a local cop from Sydney, has been on chopper patrol with both the Los Angeles Police Department in the US as well as the NSW Polair unit, and has experienced the extreme risks and the inevitable tragedies that go with the job. His story and photographs start on page 66.

PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

Switch off the lights, close all the curtains, take the phone off the hook and turn on the cold shower. Yes, folks, it's that time of the year again when you have to make a hard choice in the face of some very stiff competition: who, out of the seven luscious contenders, will win your nomination for the 1992 Pet Of The Year title? Cast your eyes across pages 71 to 79, then cast your vote and put yourself in the running to win a superb Yamaha CDX-45 compact disc player.

JANUARY



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feedback

Christmas Special

As an avid reader of your Black Label edition I would like to say how much my wife and I enjoy the couples pictorials. So much so that my wife has thought of the perfect Christmas present for her and many other readers' wives (and husbands). The present is a special Christmas pictorial publication featuring all the couples "exposed" in the past year. I'm sure this would prove to be very popular and would have more than just Santa Claus "coming" to town. Please give it some thought. — *Name and address withheld*

A special *Penthouse Black Label Couples* edition is on sale now at selected newsagencies. — Ed

Grey Power

Regarding your story on "Grey Power" I find it impossible to give you a short answer to such a long and complicated subject.

I understand the difficulties encountered by the young racing drivers of today, particularly from a financial point of view. Every year it gets worse. But was it ever easy? Anyone who has read Allan Moffat's *Scrapbook* or Dick Johnson's *Unforgiving Minute* will know that those two have been battling from day one — financially and otherwise. After 25 years of racing, they might have had four good years each where everything went right.

It is ridiculous to assume that if the oldies retire, there will be more room for the young ones. They will still have to find finance. Or do you suggest that all the oldies become team managers and supply the cars and the money for the young drivers? This is not Formula One.

The oldies are now enjoying the rewards of 25 years of battling. Why should they retire? They deserve to be there. Age has nothing to do with it as long as they're fast enough to win. When they can no longer perform, they'll be the first to admit it. When Moffat realised he was four seconds slower around Bathurst, he left his car to a faster man.

I don't believe that young people are not following racing because of the age of the drivers. When you are 18 you are more interested in the car than the driver. The problem is, they can't relate to the cars.



Vanda... hottest blonde from the West

They can't purchase a Ford Sierra, a Nissan GTR or even a Holden at \$60,000. In 1972 you could get a Bathurst car for under \$4000. It wasn't a true racing car but it looked close enough.

The solution for the younger drivers and newcomers would be to run a second-class touring car event parallel to the main one, but with strict rules to keep the cost down. From then on it would be up to those young drivers to show us what they really can do. The one who wins without crashing his car won't have much trouble getting a drive at Bathurst. — *Patrick, Artarmon, NSW*

Culture shock

Yesterday I purchased a copy of your October 1991 edition of *Penthouse*. Please could you answer a couple of questions about the issue I purchased?

1. There was no Forum section.
2. The photo section of the girls was very tame — conservative.

Has *Penthouse* changed, or is it because Australian states have different censorship laws? As a long-time reader, I hope it is something to do with WA. I recently moved to Perth from Sydney. If it is because of censorship laws, could I get the Limited Edition mailed to WA? — *Name and address withheld*

Western Australia's censorship laws differ from those in other states, and *Penthouse* prints a special edition for your new state. There are no Forum letters and the pictorials are softer. We can't mail you a Limited Edition, but you can subscribe to the Black Label. See the advertisement on page 97. — Ed

Best beach

Three cheers for the October issue of *Australian Penthouse*. I enjoyed all the stories (of course) but most of all the pictures of Vanda Mackenzie who has to be one of the hottest blondes from the West. And is that Whitehaven Beach in the background? Looks like the best beach in the Whitsundays to me. Keep up the good work, it's fantastic. — *George F, Brisbane, QLD*

You're right — it is Whitehaven. — Ed

Moo

Firstly, congratulations on a great mag — especially for October with the great-looking outdoor girls and even the couples with a slightly ranch-style feel. For a couple of country boys stuck in the Big Smoke, you keep us sane while pining for those wonderful gals back home.

However, we just had to write this month in reference to the "Cowhands' Carnival." C'mon, guys — "hornier than a springtime steer"? Where we come from, a steer is something that's had a little operation early in its life, which basically ends all thoughts of becoming horny — let alone performing like Clarissa and Ben! — *Dave and Andy McCorville, Kensington, NSW*

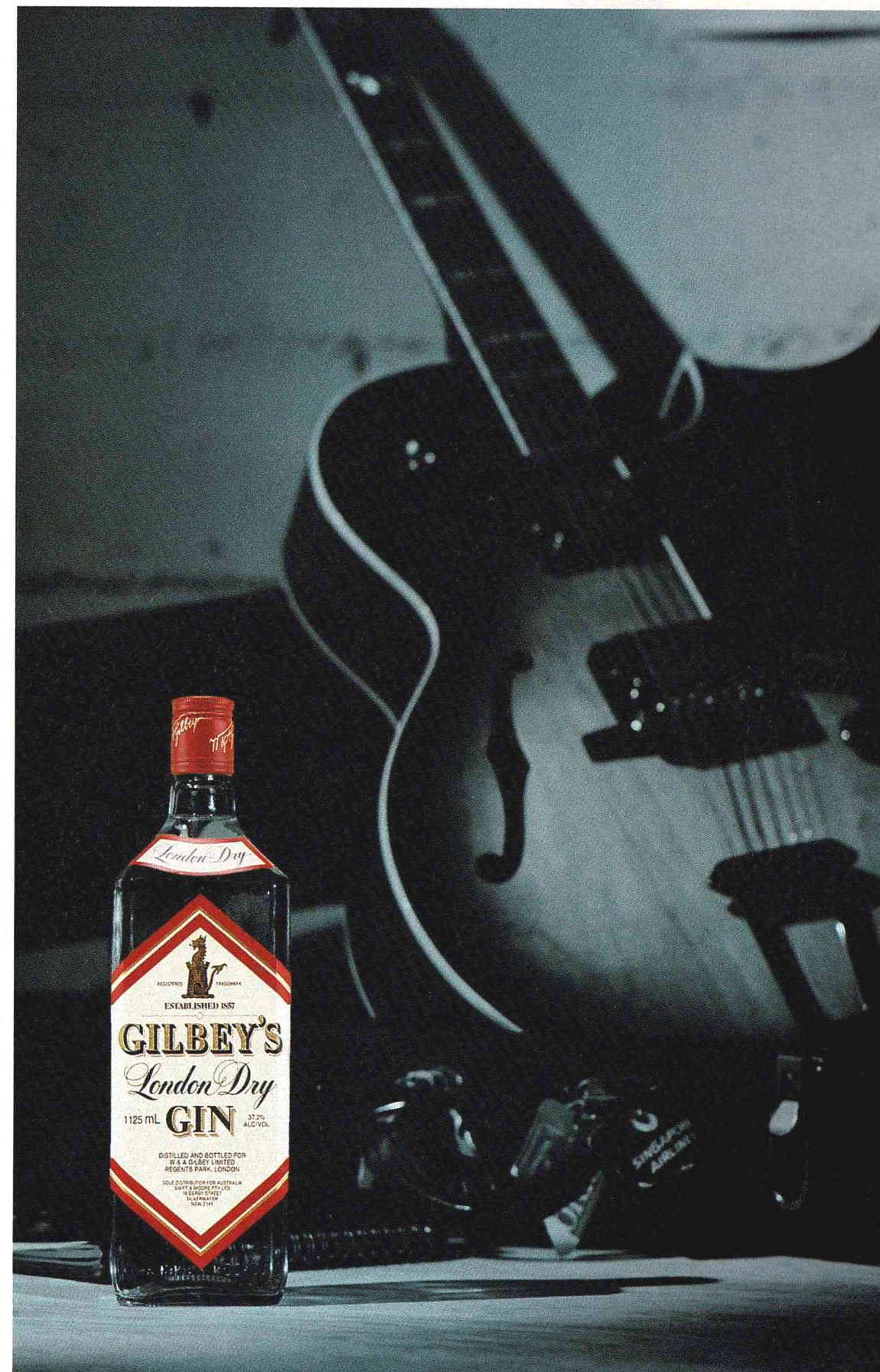
Gorgeous Jody

I am writing to comment about your September issue of *Penthouse*. The Forums were great and the articles were very interesting to read, especially the article on "Crazy Cats" as it visited my old home, Geroa.

I am mainly writing to comment on your Pet, Jody, who is gorgeous — one of the hottest looking women I've seen in a long time.

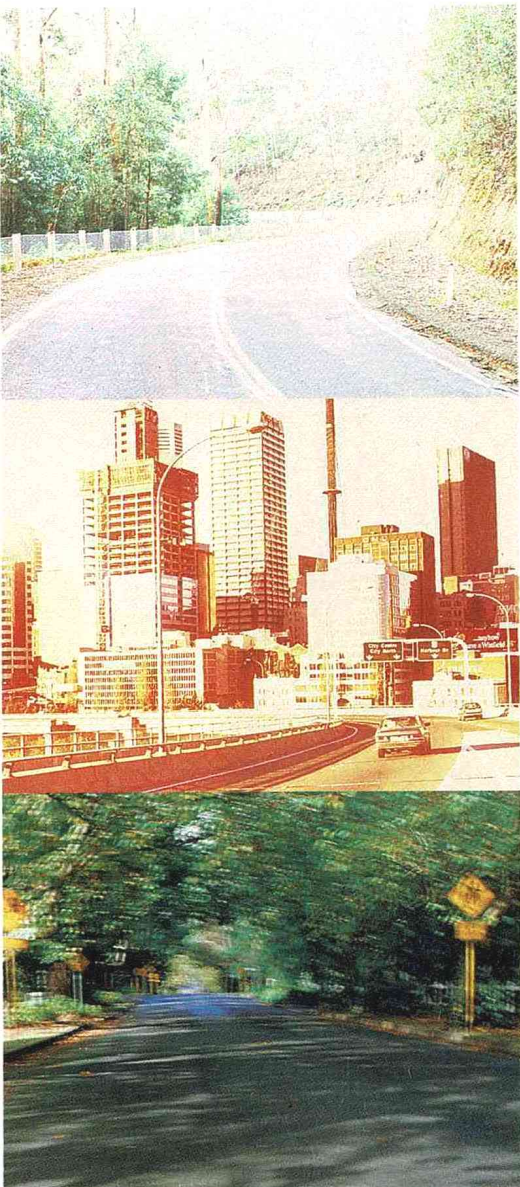
My walls and locker are covered with pics of her. I must congratulate you, this time. I'm looking forward to next month. — *Michael Barker, Singleton, NSW*

Guitar by Larry Perkins.



Gilbey's by choice.

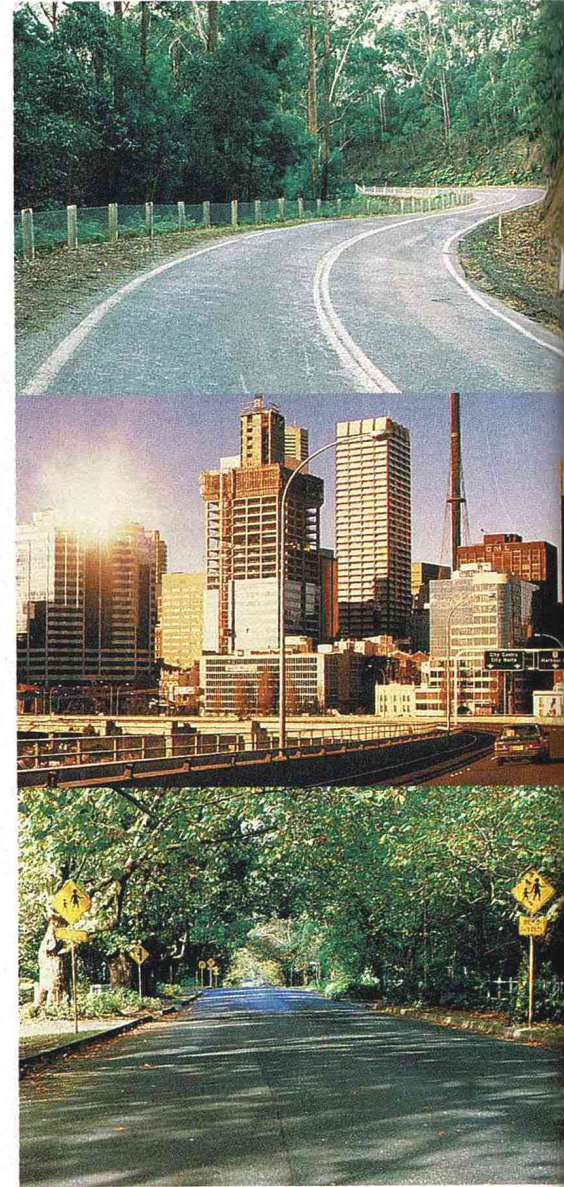
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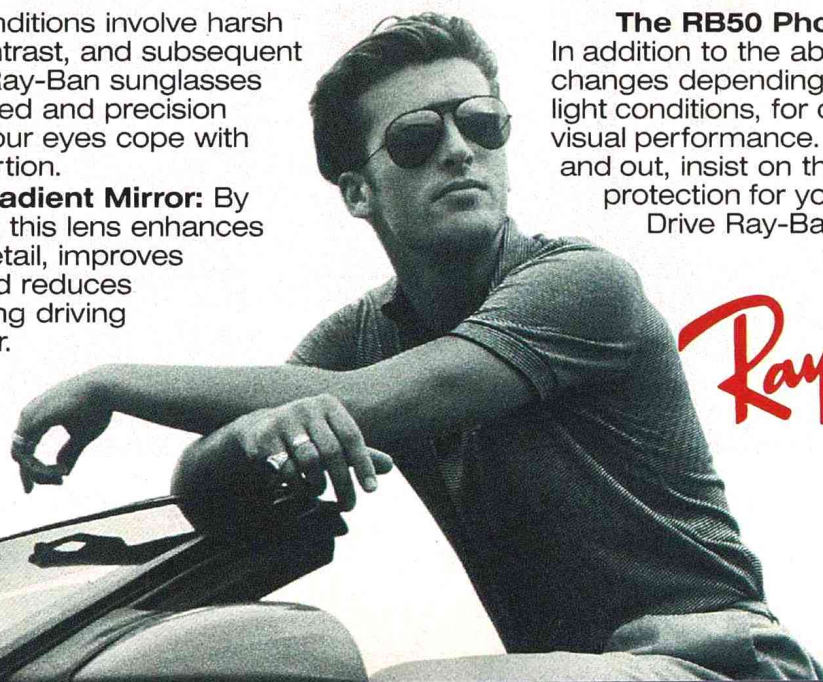
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Handy man

I work as a mechanic for a company that rents heavy construction equipment, and it was the last place I expected to have a "Forum" experience. But as I've learned from reading your letters, the place can be anywhere.

One afternoon, I was in a residential neighborhood, lying under a Caterpillar loader with a broken hydraulic pump. As I looked under the machine, checking for leaks, a soft, feminine voice asked, "Can you weld?"

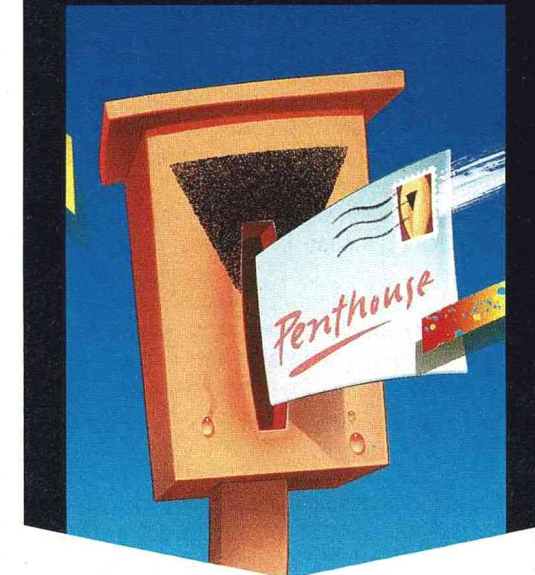
Rolling over, I found myself looking at red-lacquered toenails in open-toed high heels, then further up, fantastically long legs that led to a mini dress covering to-die-for hips, arse, and large breasts. On top was a gorgeous face and a head of beautiful auburn hair.

"Sure, and I also have an arc welder," was my quick reply. She showed me a gate in front of her driveway that had a broken hinge. I told her that it would be fixed right after I finished with the loader, and went back to work after she promised to bring me a beer. Once the gate was repaired, Gloria returned with the beer and an offer to use her shower.

While soaping up under the hot water, it dawned on me that I had nothing to change into. I was in a minor panic for about half a minute when I felt arms wrap around me. A pair of hands took the soap while two lovely breasts pressed against my back. I felt her large, hard nipples striking arcs on my spine when she moved. Turning around, I gave her a quick kiss. Cupping those super-firm arse cheeks, I asked if she wanted to wash my back. Her brilliant eyes flashed as she answered that she wanted to wash my front.

We exchanged long, hot kisses, nibbling each other's lips, entwining our tongues. Her hands moved down to soap up my balls and rub my arse cheeks, while mine raced against my tongue to reach her fantastic breasts. In turn each nipple was licked and sucked. Still running my hands over her breasts, I trailed my lips and tongue over her tummy while the water drummed on my back.

My knees found the floor, and after my



forum

lips paid a visit to her thighs, they landed on her closely trimmed, very sweet pussy. Running my tongue along the length of her slit caused one of her lovely legs to go over my shoulder, giving me more room to suck on her clit. Her hands played in my wet hair. Minutes passed while I dined on her beautiful cunt. Her climax sent us collapsing to the floor.

Lying under a rapidly cooling shower, she laughed and ran a hand through my wet hair as I shut the water off. We got out of the shower and dried off. With one hand around the base of my cock, she led me into the sauna. Lowering me down to a sitting position, she bent over and began to leave a trail of kisses down my chest. I fondled her arse as she moved to the end of the bench and knelt between my legs, looked me right in the eyes, and engulfed my cock with her mouth. Heaven had arrived! God, the sensation she was producing was incredible.

Reality suddenly returned when I heard a woman's voice exclaim: "Don't be such a pig, Gloria." Turning my head towards the door, my eyes beheld an exquisite black woman undressing. Speaking to me with a slight English accent, she asked if I sucked pussy. "Like a dream," I mumbled through my growing passion. She gave me a brilliant smile, walked over, and straddled my head with her lovely muscular legs. Her cunt was smooth-shaven,

coral in color, with large soft lips, and very, very wet. She must have been watching us for a while. My hands were on her arse as her juices coated my face. Gloria was pumping my prick and tickling my balls with her expert tongue. My orgasm was so close.

Trying to prolong heaven on Earth, I concentrated on the black woman's sweet clit, my hands spreading the mounds of her arse as I drove my tongue into her dripping cunt. I was turned on beyond belief, and sent every ounce of come I had right down Gloria's long throat.

The other lady was right with me as I sucked harder on her clit while enjoying my own release. Gloria moved up and gave her friend's pussy a quick flick of her tongue and me a come-sweetened kiss.

We finally made it to the outdoor spa, and the hot water felt great. Although it must have been longer, it seemed like only seconds had passed before we were kissing and caressing one another again. Actually seeing these two lovely ladies exchange hot kisses was more of a turn-on than I ever dreamed. Under their two sensual pairs of hands, my prick was again rapidly "booming up", as crane operators would say. Rising up and lying back on the top step brought the head of my cock out of the water, and it was licked in turn by two wonderful tongues.

"Mechanics are really the best, aren't they, Josey?" moaned Gloria. In response, Josey just moved my hand out of her cunt and slowly lowered herself on to my aching dick. She rocked back and forth for a couple of minutes, then held still and milked my cock with her velvet vice.

Meanwhile, Gloria was squeezing her stupendous breasts together trying to get both nipples in my mouth at the same time. And, believe me, I was giving her all the help I could. My right hand was very busy between her legs, my thumb softly rubbing her clit. My left hand moved to Josey's firm breasts, and it was climax time for us all.

Calm returned and Josey asked where Gloria and I had met. "Next door, fixing the Caterpillar," was her reply. "Oh, good," Josey said. "We have one of those en-

forum

gines on our boat — maybe you can help us with it. Gloria could come down and help, too, couldn't she?" At the sight of their two wicked smiles, I knew that I would now need two excuses. One for my girlfriend for being late to dinner, and one for my boss about not being able to work the next couple of Saturdays. — *Name and address withheld*

Learning to speak

I thought she was gorgeous. It wasn't just that she was kind and encouraging to a rough, poorly-spoken little bugger like me. She was tall and elegant, soft and exotic. I had never, up until then, given a rat's arse about how anybody spoke, but this lady made a big impression on me. Her voice was like music to my ears and she always smelt like an angel. She used perfume that was subtle and new to me because my Mum wasn't into perfume and my sisters wore revolting stuff that was strong enough to give you a headache.

Anyway, for a whole lot of reasons, I had a crush on my speech teacher whom my Mum had decreed I should go to for lessons once a week for the first half of my last year at school. Needless to say, I was dead against the idea, especially since I had to ride my bike all the way over to her place after school when I could have been

playing footy or something. But that was only until I got the biggest crush any kid ever had on any teacher.

They couldn't believe how well I did at speech. I couldn't believe it! I found out about prose, poetry, composition, recitation. I would do anything for her, and even now I still value the access she gave me to the world of literature and art.

To my parents she represented all the good qualities of class. Apart from the fact that she spoke ever so nicely, her husband was a successful solicitor, she had wealth, taste in fashion and she lived in an expensive looking house in the best suburb in town.

My parents thought she must have been the best teacher ever. What they never knew was that she also had soft ginger-brown pubic hair that came to a neat little curl between her amazingly long, elegant legs. They never knew that her breasts were small but pointy and had nipples that were big and prominent.

The other kids at school thought speech lessons must be some kind of torture. While they would be fantasising about which girls' dresses they might try to get their hands up at the next school dance, I was into pussy of the very best kind on a regular basis.

One afternoon, I had just recited a whole poem written by one of the romantic poets. I knew I was doing it well and pleasing her because she just stood and

listened like she was really enjoying it. When I finished, she didn't say anything, but kissed me instead. What a shock!

She smelt good. She felt good. She tasted unbelievable! She quickly stood back, and I am sure she was going to apologise when she noticed that I had a rising hard on. There I was, standing there with my dick standing right out against the front of my school pants. I was really embarrassed.

The lady saved my life when she quietly told me it was okay and not to worry about it. She held me again, close enough this time for me to feel the moving softness of her breasts as she breathed and the quick hard beating of her heart. My cock was pressed against her hard enough to feel the texture of her panties through her dress as she moved against me.

She took me to her bedroom. I remember her taking her husband's shirts off the bed so I could lie on it. She then slipped her panties off from under her dress while I watched and then she took my pants off. I couldn't believe it was happening, that I was so close to my first fuck.

It didn't matter that she was still fully clothed except for her little white lace panties that were lying on the bed next to me, or that I was lying on my back and she was going to screw me and not the other way around, as I had always imagined it would be on the first time. I could just smell the faint new aroma of pussy, and I couldn't wait for it. She held my cock with one hand and with her dress spread out around she eased down on me. I remember she was so slippery and hot in her cunt — and I was so steamed up — that I came straight away. It can't have been much good for her, but she didn't seem to mind.

I made love to my speech teacher often in the three months that our classes had left to run. I really did learn more than my parents, or anyone else for that matter, thought I ever could about speaking English well. But I also learned a whole lot about love and sex.

I fucked her on her hands and knees on the floor in her husband's study. I fucked her on her back on the dining room table with one arm under each of her knees. I screwed her bending over the kitchen table in her high heels with her skirt up around her waist and her beautiful bare arse bumping against my belly.

We did it sitting on the vanity in the bathroom with her ankles locked behind my waist. I remember sucking her pussy while she sat naked on one of the leather chairs in the lounge room and then screwing her slowly in their big double bed.

After the six months it was all over; that was our agreement, and we stuck to it. The whole episode took place almost 15 years ago, but I still see her occasionally — can't help it, because we live in the same town. A good education, and still

Continued on page 120

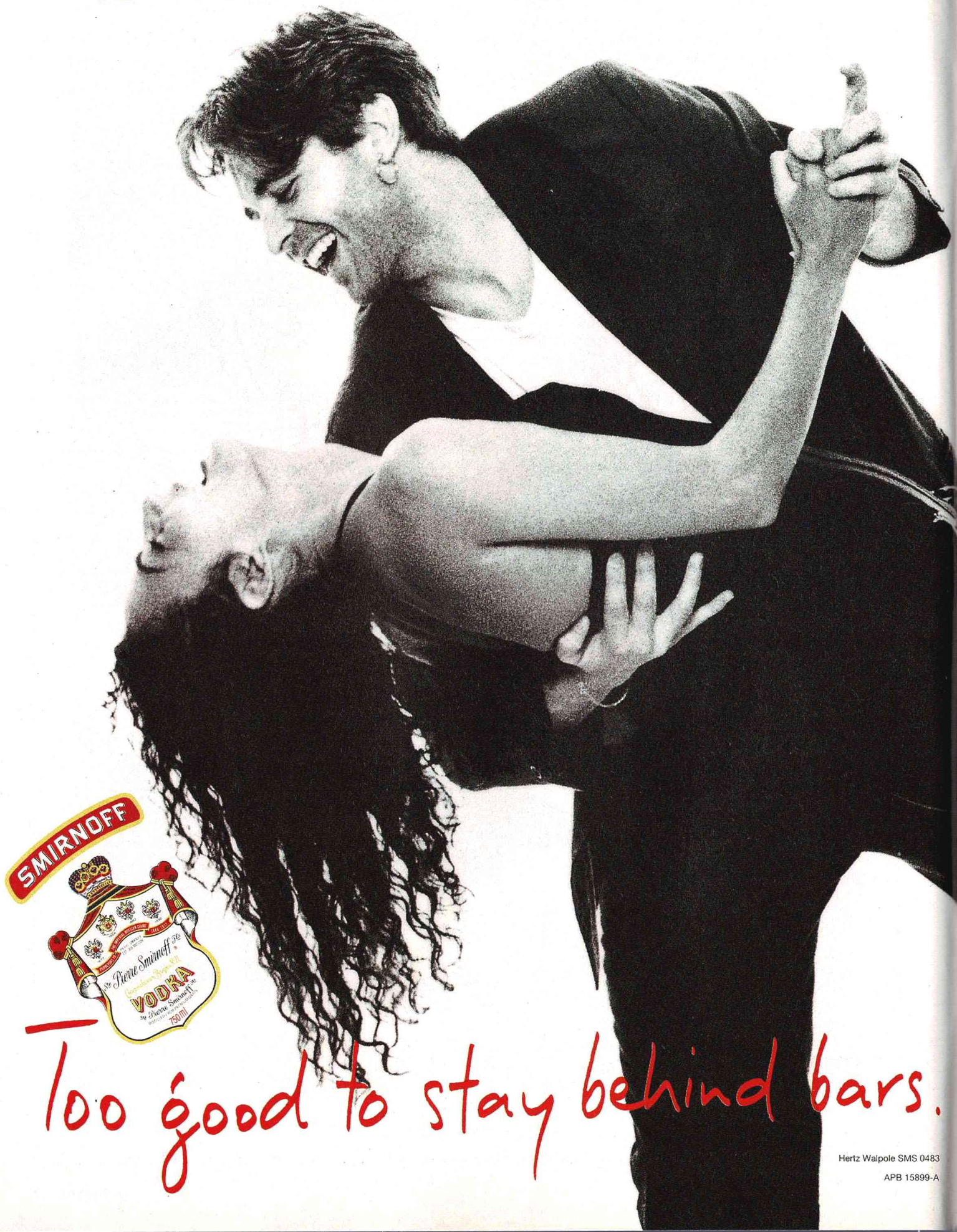


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S E X

F R O N T

BLUE TWILIGHT

Eighteen months ago the Adult Video Industry Association boasted ten members, selling enough product to make the X-rated video business Canberra's fourth largest manufacturing industry. Today, AVIA's membership has

lucrative mail-order business. The provision enabled non-violent erotic videos to become big — and, more importantly, legal — business in Canberra, with turnover reaching \$25 million a year.

Although the videos are still legal,

wholesale price of a video. That's on top of the Federal Government's 20 percent sales tax, income tax, payroll tax, copyright costs and classification fees. Traders say they are struggling to survive.

The tax was too much for one AVIA member, the proprietor of Leisuremail, Gerry Hercus. He took his videos and mailing list with 160,000 names to the only other place in Australia where X-rated videos are legal — the Northern Territory. Hercus says other companies are considering the move. Still others are just pretending to move by setting up a NT postal box but actually moving to Sydney or Melbourne.

Just what the tax has done to the industry is most obvious in how much has been raised by it. Before it

Why has the X-rated video industry gone flaccid?

was introduced, the ACT Government said it was confident the tax would raise \$5 million a year. Last financial year, the first full year it was in operation, it raised \$375,000.

Twelve months ago Jan McInnes ran her own lucrative X-rated video business, Lipstix. Today she works as a sales assistant in one of the few remaining businesses still operating in Canberra, Australian United Videos. "The industry is going through a major slump," McInnes says. "Everyone has thought of moving to Darwin. But what's to stop the Northern Territory Government introducing a similar tax?"

The biggest concern of traders is not that the new tax has pushed the price of a new video to \$49.95, but that they have been forced to cut their prices to compete with the flourishing illegal market. When the



Illustration by Drahos Zak

virtually halved. Pirate tapes are rife and companies are closing in the Australian Capital Territory faster than the 10,000 videos traders once posted each week to homes Australia-wide. Canberra's X-rated industry is in turmoil.

The industry had thrived in the ACT thanks to the convenient constitutional provision which guarantees free trade across the state borders. So, while other states have banned the videos, ACT distributors are free to sell them in a

revenue tax introduced by the ACT Government in 1990, and the recession, which encouraged people to re-run old videos, have crippled the industry. One trader estimates that annual turnover is now less than \$10 million.

Early discussions had set the tax at 20 percent, an amount the industry says it was prepared to wear. But when a conservative coalition ousted the incumbent ACT Labor Government in 1990, it hiked the tax up to 40 percent of the

tax was introduced, legal operators called for it to be brought in at the same time as a stringent licensing system to prevent consumers switching to illegal interstate traders. The tougher laws were not put in place, and pirate tapes are available for at least \$15 cheaper than the

Pirates, selling beyond police control, are putting the nasties back on the market

legal tapes. The recession has helped the illegal industry to boom.

McInnes says illegal business helped put her out of business: "There are a hell of a lot of pirates. They're selling outside police and government control, and are putting the nasties back on the market — bestiality, rape, child pornography. A year ago it was hard to find what I would call a revoltingly nasty video. Now, it's not that hard at all."

Legal operators claim police have turned a blind eye to their plight. Police, on the other hand, maintain it's extremely difficult to get a conviction with pirates. In 1990, the NSW Vice Squad raided an illegal Sydney operator and seized 15,000 pornographic videos including ones depicting bestiality and child sex. The case was dismissed when the defendant claimed they were solely for distribution in Canberra. Illegal operators see getting busted as an occupational hazard; they lose a few thousand tapes but are making enough money not to notice.

The legal traders are claiming it's not only them going broke. Before

the tax increased prices, X-rated video stores were collectively the second-biggest customer of the Canberra office of Australia Post's Express Courier. The industry says it employed more than 300 people directly — including secretaries, truck drivers, storemen and even lobbyists — and another 500 indirectly. Every store has had to cut back on staff.

John Lark is Canberra's Mr Big when it comes to X-rated videos. He owns two of the remaining stores, The Mature Media Group and Capital Distribution. He's determined to stay in Canberra and fight the tax, claiming it's unconstitutional. Lark has been in the business for 20 years, and says that on top of the tax, the industry is just experiencing another of the handful of slumps he

better, but only if the tax is reviewed. People are finding it damn hard at the moment."

Although the black market operating outside Canberra is now estimated to be worth \$30 million, the beleaguered legal industry has been subjected to a heavy barrage of attacks from moral activists. Leading the anti-porn push is a conservative politician in the ACT Government, Dennis Stevenson. He has claimed X-rated videos do everything from involving the Mafia to breaking up families, and won't rest until they have been banned in the national capital altogether. He says the industry can't possibly survive in the Northern Territory because the weather is too sticky to store videos.

Hercus retaliates that Stevenson is living in the 1800s, oblivious to the



has seen over the past two decades.

"It has just been unfortunate that the tax was introduced at the same time the recession cut into the money people had to spend on things like videos," Lark says. "We had a slump like this in 1974 and another in 1984. Things will get

fact that air-conditioning was introduced in the early 1900s. Although Hercus says it cost him "a bloody fortune" to move to Darwin, he won't return to Canberra even if the tax is knocked out. "It's paradise up here," he says. "The weather's bloody beautiful." — Tracy Aubin

Illustration by Dranos Zak

WYATT EARP. THE CLUB'S TOP DRAW CARD.

Wyatt Earp was as sharp a card player as he was a gunman.

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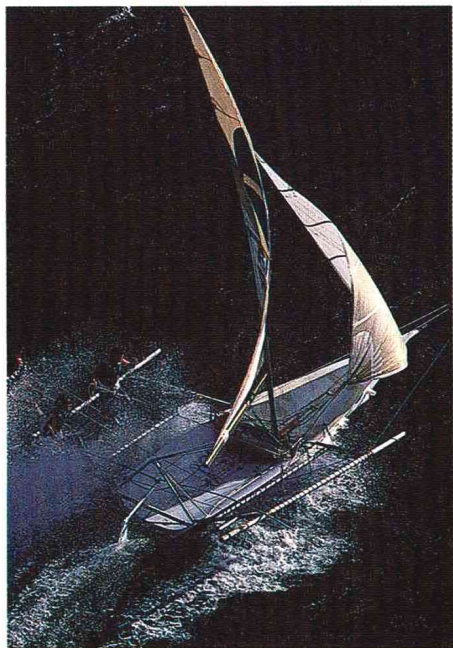
As Wyatt would say "This club is big enough for both of us!"



Club Conrad acknowledges Alan Wykes' book "Gambling" on which the information for this advertisement has been drawn. This advertisement is not intended to imply endorsement of Club Conrad by any owner of the rights to the "Wyatt Earp" name.



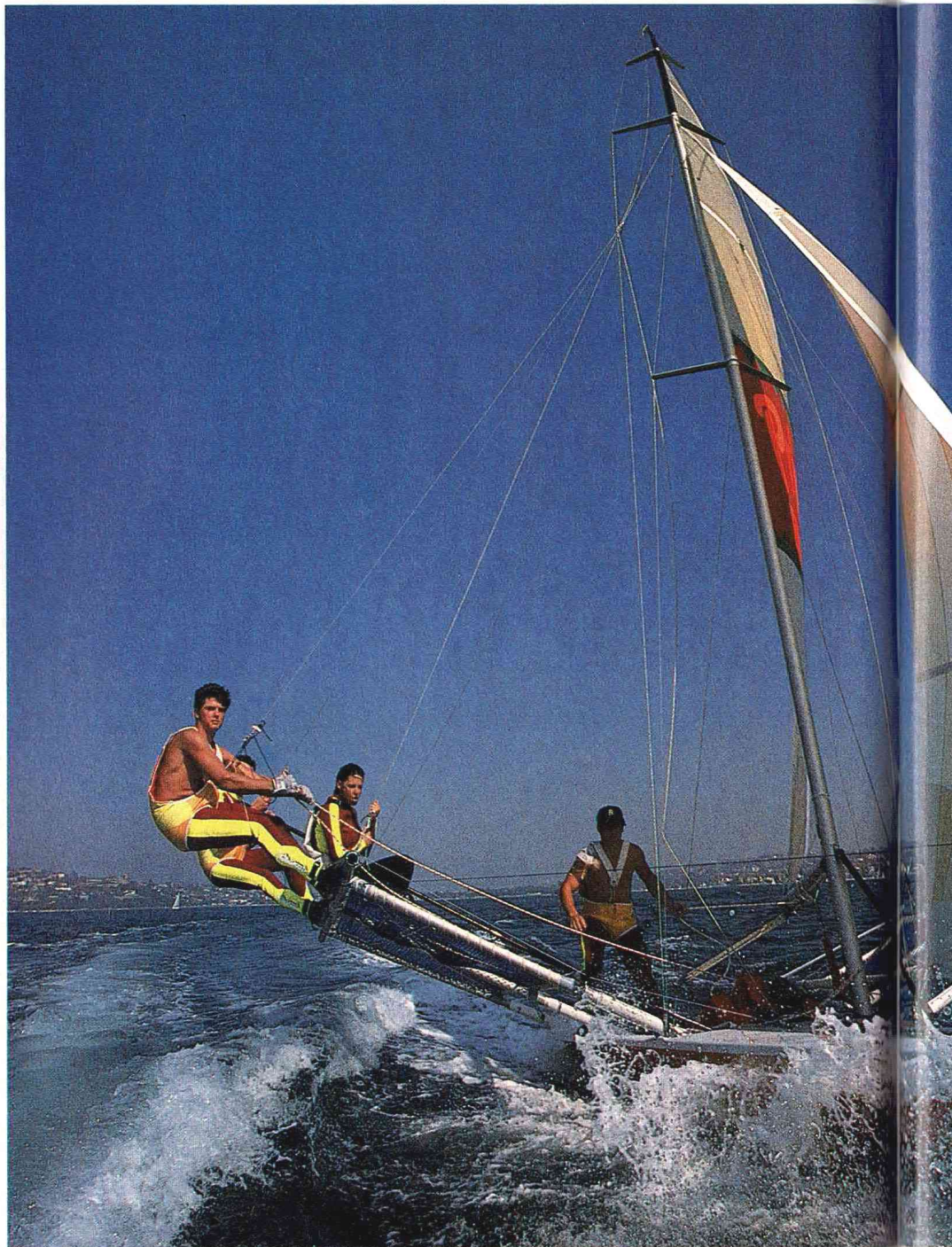
SKIFFED TO THE MAX



They are the maddest, wildest craft on the water. On a summer afternoon on Sydney Harbour, it's easy to pick them among the throng of other yachts. Just look for a cloud of colored sail going three times faster than anything else. If you look carefully, you'll see three taut figures balancing out on the edge of the windward wing, riding a razor's edge between extreme speed and disaster. Just as you get all sorts of craft out there, you get all sorts of sailors. But the 18-footer boys — and girls — are the sailing crazies, the devil-may-care speed freaks who gleefully risk their necks on craft that look as though they were designed in Hell.

The 18-footers have been around as a class for 80 years. They have always been controversial. And although technology has altered radically the way the boats look now, they have always had one thing in common: they have less wetted surface area and more sail than anything else on the water. And they go faster. In the old days, the 18-footers were crewed by entire football teams, and men would be offloaded on to harbor buoys to lessen weight when the wind dropped. These days the skiffs go out with a skipper and two crew and sails that, once up, can't be shortened.

Not only are the skiffs 18 feet long, they're also 18 feet wide with their wings on. Their shallow hulls are



designed to skate across the water rather than plough through it, and they achieve speeds that inspire outright fear in any other class of sailor. In a 20-knot nor'easter, for instance, the 18s will pull 11 to 12 knots (25km/h) upwind, and 20 to 25 knots (50km/h) downwind, with spinnaker set. (A new, go-fast 50-foot yacht might hit speeds of 15 knots downwind in a lot of breeze, but will usually average less than that.)

Those speeds are outrageous enough, but then, consider the crew.

They aren't sitting in a nice, safe cockpit; they're strung out over the side on wire trapezes with only skill and split-second timing between control and a total shitfight. Sailing an 18-footer has been compared to driving a car at 200mph with no brakes. In traffic. Not only do the skiffies have to keep their boats upright and go all-out to win, they have to dodge and weave through hordes of comparatively sluggish craft. Sydney Harbour on a summer Saturday afternoon resembles the

approaches to the Harbour Bridge at rush-hour — boats everywhere, many sailed by people who have no idea of the rules of the road.

"There's only one rule of the road for the 18s," says the skipper of an ordinary racing yacht. "Keep clear of them. I always assume that if they're not actually out of control, they're

instinctive. And the crew must work in perfect unison — there's no time to tell somebody what they have to do. If one crew member is half a second behind the others in a tack, it can capsize the boat. Strength is essential — both endurance strength for long hauls on one tack, and explosive energy for

strength. The Grand Prix circuit, sailed on Saturdays, is short and swift, designed for maximum action for TV. The courses are tight, lasting 45 minutes with only 1500m between buoys. "It's very hard racing," Brown observes, "and you have to be fit."

Wipe-outs are spectacular and can be murder on the crew, who risk being catapulted against the mast or into a sail at high speed. Skiffies often sport broken jaws, arms, collar-bones. It doesn't keep them from going back for more. And although they can be travelling a great deal faster than your average bicycle, you

Out on Sydney Harbour the 18-footers hold sway

won't see them in helmets or padding. Or life-jackets. It's wetsuits, trapeze harnesses and bare skin.

The 18s class has, for most of its history, been unique to Sydney Harbour. And despite the efforts of various promoters to expand the sport internationally in the past, it still remains unique to Australia. The reason for this is the amount of training necessary to sail an 18. You can't just climb aboard an 18 and make it go. Nor do the professional sailors take newcomers out racing. There's no time to teach during a race, and fumbling can be fatal.

Crew come up from the ranks of the 12 and 16-foot skiffs, and will already be familiar with sail handling. It takes three seasons or more as crew on an 18 before you can look at skippering.

Brown cites the case of two American Olympic sailors who were top of the Flying Dutchman class at the LA Olympics. They came out to Sydney to sail 18s and were given brand new boats and all the technology they needed for the season, and still couldn't get into the first six finishing boats.

All the same, overseas sailors are encouraged to come to Sydney to sail 18s, in the hope that they'll go home and spread the word, thus giving the class an international grounding. — Trish Murphy



bloody close to it."

He's not wrong. Rob Brown, skipper of *Prudential*, says his fastest speed recorded has been 33 knots, what he describes as "terminal velocity." "Around 30 knots, the boat becomes uncontrollable," he grins. It's an understatement. Brown, an 18-footer champion, has been sailing 18s for 16 years, and is back at the helm after a two-year retirement. At 36, he reckons he's only got a couple of seasons to go before he has to call it quits.

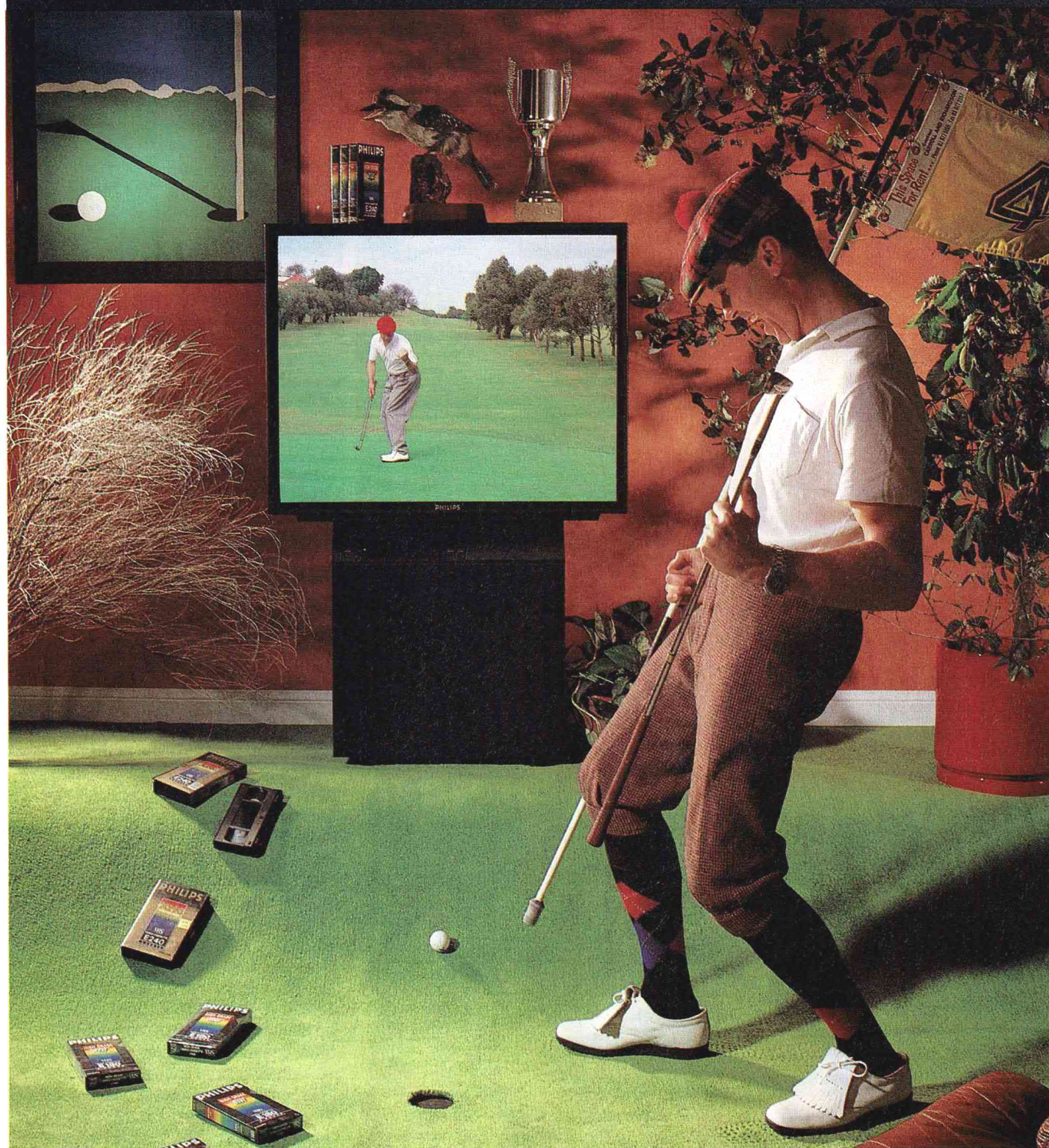
To sail an 18 you have to be tough, fit and gutsy. Everything happens so fast that your reactions have to be

manoeuvring. The sheet-hand, who handles the rope which controls the mainsail, has only a few turns of the rope between himself and the full weight of the sail. On average, the sheet will have a 75kg loading. "It's the equivalent," says Brown "of lifting a 75kg bag of cement every ten seconds."

Like most 18s sailors, Brown does weight training two or three days a week, more in the off season. The training concentrates on strength, particularly legs and calves. As the season approaches, the program alters to concentrate on speed and agility. The class is not strictly the preserve of men, however. The highly competitive *Ella Bache* is skippered by Adrian Cahalan with two male crew.

Racing consists of two different types of event. On Sundays the 18s follow the traditional club course of triangles — around 14 nautical miles. The race takes about an hour and 40 minutes to complete. The legs between the buoys are long and demand endurance as well as

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PHILIPS



HOT WEATHER DROPS

The inappropriateness of some wines for hot summer days was rammed home to me a few years ago at a ritzy wine launch. Moët et Chandon invited a huge swag of writers, socialites and freeloaders to taste Petite Liqueur, their first new product in 250 years. What the

I'm also against too much sparkling wine on a sweat-drip day. Like coke, the non-liquid kind, all those bubbles go straight up your nose and infiltrate what's left of your senses.

Summer means seafood in Australia, and chances are that you'll



publicist didn't emphasise, however, was that the feminine little bottle contained a wine with an 18 percent alcohol content.

It was well over 30 degrees and the swell crowd began drinking like there was no tomorrow. One by one, people lost their balance, lost their power of speech and had to be forced by the waiters as they were no longer stable enough to pick up the canapes. My photograph was featured prominently in the social pages of a mass-circulation Sunday newspaper because the photographer bluntly told me that I was one of the few sober partygoers present. What price vanity?

The above cautionary tale illustrates the point that wines with a high alcohol content or heavy tannin base should not be served on a hot summer afternoon unless you're really trying to drink yourself into oblivion. If you really must have a big shiraz with a 14 percent alcohol rating when the temperature is above 32 degrees, my advice is to go into the darkest room of your house, close the curtains, put on your shades and crouch over a fan. The rest of us can stay out in the sun drinking an easy white or light red that will leave a few brain cells intact.

find yourself at a fish restaurant overlooking some stretch of water, some time before daylight saving stops. A young sauvignon blanc with maximum fruit flavor is the best choice here — nothing over two years old. My outstanding pick under these guidelines is Saltram Classic Sauvignon Blanc 1990, with its grassy varietal fruit scent and elegant richness — a steal at \$9.95. Other close contenders include Seppelts Gold Label 1990, Saltram Private Reserve Sauvignon Blanc 1990, Grant Burge Sauvignon Blanc 1989 and Renmano Chairman's Section Bin 504 1989.

Semillon has a bit of an identity crisis at the moment, trying to decide whether it wants to be a chardonnay clone or something in its own right. A young semillon is best for picnics in national parks, or the shadiest spot in your garden. There are real standout wines in the under-\$10 price category, showing great fruit complexity and depth.

Basedows White Burgundy 1990 is yet another example of a superbly consistent semillon — great drinking at \$8.25. Right up there with Basedows is Hill-Smith Estate Semillon 1988 and Grant Burge Semillon 1990. Very worthy of

consideration are: Barossa Valley Estates Semillon 1989, Leasingham Domaine Semillon 1989 and Wolf Blass White Label 1990.

I don't know why, but chablis always seems the right wine to take to the beach. It goes fabulously well with a roast chicken leg you've got someone else to cook. The fresh, dense and vibrant fruit flavor of Krondorf Chablis 1990 also gives you a taste of honey for your money. A tangy apple taste is the hallmark of Carisbrooke Estate Chablis 1990. And for \$8 what else could make you feel more mellow on a steaming hot day than Lindemans Bin 7675 Hunter River Chablis 1990?

A leading sex survey came to the astounding conclusion that most people liked having sex best with the person they loved. It might not be quite such a revelation, but summer drinking with that old rock 'n' roll on your mind has a certain etiquette of its own — or should do. Now is the time to go against the sparkling wine rule in earnest. Before you get on the job, even a whole bottle shared between you is not a tad too much.

This is not the time for economy, especially if you want the relationship to last. At a "bare" minimum, your "outlay" should be between \$15 and \$20. Wyndham Estate Louis VI Chardonnay Cuvee 1986 has a ripe, tropical chardonnay scent with a creamy mood-making mousse. But if

Summer wines that won't fry your brains

you're a true sensualist, the rich, liqueur-like fruit and yeasty overtones of Tyrell's Pinot Noir Brut 1987 are for you.

Along with the aftermath of repletion, a light red adds depth to the occasion. If the carnal event has been really special, don't go past Arrowfield Reserve Selection Merlot 1988; very appropriate with its cigar-box aroma. For a more routine exercise, fork out for Hungerford Hill Pinot Noir 1987 and revel in its ripe fruit flavor with a firm tannin grip. — Elisabeth King

Illustration by Jonathon Bentley



The legend that is now Benedictine. The nectar of Kings long forgotten. The magic blending of herbs and spices. Each one contributing to emphasise the other's special effect. Enjoy it with champagne, over ice, or better still, with a close friend.

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T R A V E L

FRONT



THE LOST LAGOON

Picture a 20km sweep of powdery white beach fringed with coconut palms which curves around the inner edge of a vast coral lagoon. Picture champagne-clear turquoise water — the cleanest you'll find anywhere on earth — stretching from horizon to horizon. Picture wildly carved and contorted coral cliffs etched with sea caves and underwater caverns. Picture a string of islets, some barren, some thick with bush, shielding coves and inlets and shallow, coral-studded sounds.

In most such places in the world, what would you expect to find there? A bloody great resort, that's what.

But not this place. Not Ouvea.

Ouvea is about as far as you can get off the beaten track, and then some. It's the northernmost atoll in a group called the Loyalties, which lies to the north-east of Grand Terre (aka New Caledonia). New Caledonia in fact comprises an archipelago — Grand Terre, Iles Belep, Ile Des Pins and the Loyalties. And whether or not the original inhabitants care for the fact, New Caledonia is a province of France.

Ouvea was first "discovered" by the French explorer D'Entrecasteaux in 1793. Nothing much happened there for 50 more years, until a couple of Protestant missionaries arrived to take on the locals. They were followed shortly afterwards by Catholics. Problems arose pretty swiftly; the island was inhabited by both Polynesians and Melanesians, and while the Polynesians took to Catholicism the Melanesians preferred to be Protestants. Both sides then proceeded to do battle with each other in the name of God until the French sent in troops to get things under control. Not much has changed since.

Photos by Trish Murphy

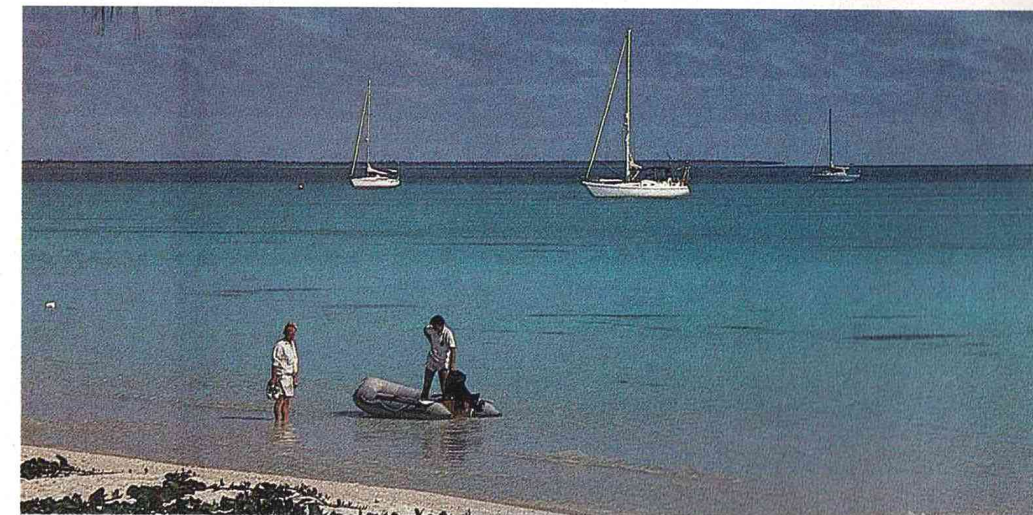
In Fayaoué, the capital, the most visible features of the town are two churches. One appears to have been transported from the Sierra Nevada, the other from a hillside in Germany. Which was Catholic and which Protestant I never did find out. Each was in a condition of acute decay. Between the two, and around them, sprawl the bamboo huts and bougainvillea of a South Pacific village.

Less visible, until you get to it, but much more menacing, is the Gendarmerie — a compound surrounded by concrete and barbed wire and bored French soldiers touting semi-automatic weapons. There were, at last count, 6000 French troops stationed on Ouvea. Exactly what they do there is anybody's guess, but the locals don't approve. Kanak villagers in dreadlocks and Bob Marley T-shirts wear badges which say *La Lutte Continue* — "the struggle continues." Things are tense, and the north of the island is closed to tourists.

on the island — the Gite Beatemps-Beaupré. It also has the only restaurant, and hires out the only cars and the only bicycles. Since the island is flat, cycling is a good option. But for snorkelling, diving or sailboarding, it's BYO equipment.

It's also BYO food. Some things are available in Fayaoué's two grocery shops — baguettes, cigarettes, chicken, scrappy vegetables and some canned food and drinks. But it ain't cheap. The best thing to do is to stock up on some good French grub (and wine) in Nouméa before heading out. Anything else you think you might need must come with you. Fayaoué barely has a main street, let alone a

**Ouvea is about
as far as you can
get off the
beaten track**



So Ouvea isn't really the place to go for your average family holiday, no. Nothing about it is average. The locals — and the French — are neither friendly nor unfriendly, so it's a good place to go if you want to be left alone. (Unless you are a well-stacked blonde, in which case the gendarmes positively ooze charm.)

The best way to visit Ouvea is by yacht, but failing that, you can fly in from Nouméa, or catch the island boat which does the rounds every fortnight. Unless you bring your own tent, there is only one place to stay

shopping mall. It has a post office, but no bank.

Ouvea is definitely different, weird to the point of surrealism. You have to be able to live without room service, and have your wits about you. But the sun is hot and the water perfect. You can find the true traveller's satisfaction of knowing you've hit a place that most people don't ever get to. And the dubious experience of seeing for yourself one of the more incongruous and absurd colonial screw-ups of our time. — Trish Murphy

SIZE EQUALS SECURITY

Although not normally a collossophile, I have to admit that, where banking is concerned, big is beautiful. For it is only when an organisation reaches a certain vastness that you can be sure that the Law Of Averages and its concomitant regulations will work inexorably. And, as long as you are just another small punter — a statistic — you can be fairly sure that the Law Of Averages is working for you and not against you.

Most people, although not wealthy, do not go broke — in Australia, anyway. So wouldn't you prefer to save your money with those people rather than with the minority which does go broke? That's the terrible thing that happens in the US: Hank Lundstrom, worker, saves with the local "thrift", the South Dallas Oil & Gas Savings & Loan. When the arse falls out of the oil and gas speculation business, it does so too from the SDOGS&L. Hank may get his money back, but it'll be years before the Federal authorities work out who's entitled and who's not; in the meantime, Hank's savings are locked up.

(Incidentally, it has only taken the

When I say big, I mean really big. Look at State Bank Victoria, which had 527 branches and \$22 billion worth of financial assets (or less — the real figure is a sore point). But all those eggs were in the one — Victorian — basket, and when the national economy got sick, it got sickest in Victoria. With the added blessing of a megalomaniac merchant banker, the SBV started to look less like a basket of eggs and more like an omelette.

The Commonwealth Bank, on the other hand, is big enough and has been able to swallow SBV and, if it can't really hide the disaster of SBV, it can at least stick a blanket over most of it so it doesn't look too obvious.

Of course, being a giant does bring problems: it's like being one of those huge old Moreton Bay fig trees which, besides fulfilling its basic function (of being a tree), houses whole families of birds, possums, insects — beautiful things and vermin.

Imagine the sorts of furry creatures that inhabit some of the out-of-the-way nooks in the big banks. Sometimes these creatures never

it at high interest rates. (Even then, the banks can make a meal of it. Look at Bankcard: Westpac charges borrowers 24-plus percent, pays ordinary savers less than ten percent, and it's still not making a profit, so it says!)

Recently, I received from a bank loan documentation which was so ridiculously wrong that I realised why

The bigger the bank, the safer your money

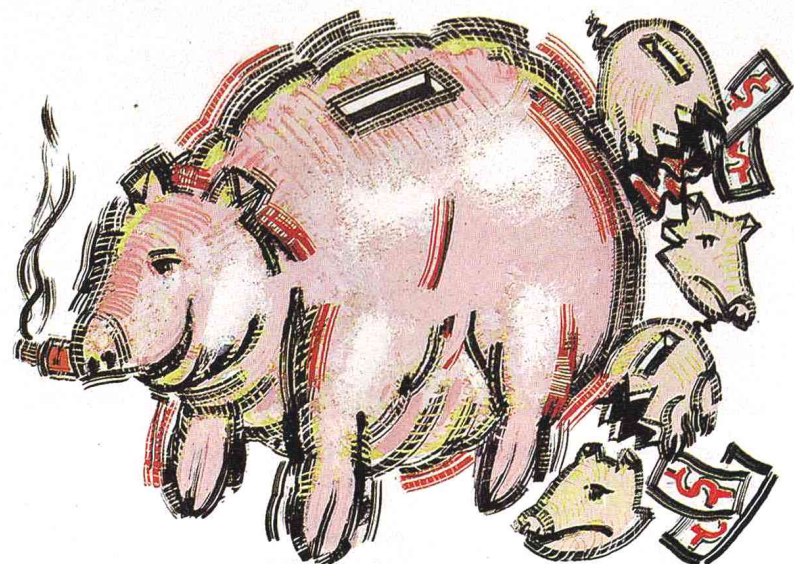
the banks don't ordinarily issue such documents: because they have trouble getting them right. Much better to leave the conditions unstated so there can be no argument.

Oh yes — when I questioned my branch manager on at least one of the discrepancies, he first tried bluff, but a modicum of bravado on my part quickly cut him short and I got what I wanted without too much hassle. I know I'll spend the rest of my life trying to get the bank's computer to see it that way, but the point is clear — you need not let your bank manager bully you.

With building societies, it's a little different. These entities have not yet got the hang of doing anything other than lending for housing, though they purport to do other things. Take it from me, they may do other financial transactions but they don't do them well.

Still, it is no doubt possible to find an intelligent person in a building society branch. If you do, hang on to him, cultivate him. He — or she — could be handy when the rest of the organisation catches up.

But in the meantime, bank with a bank — and the bigger the better. As personal contact is the key to a successful banking relationship, choose a bank with a manager who you feel comfortable with. And, since you haven't banked there before and are unlikely to know the manager from a bar of soap, take your chances on the bank with the shortest queues. — *David Quicksilver*



Yanks 60 years to wake up to the built-in dangers of small-time banking: they have recently changed the laws so that banks can operate retail branches across state borders. Thus the US will, by the end of this decade, achieve a banking system like Australia's — and every other half-way civilised nation.)

emerge in daylight; but sometimes, it seems, they reach the acme of their business. But that's all right. For, despite the apparent complexity of such things as interest swaps and extendible-floating-rate Eurodollar capital notes, banking is essentially very simple: you take money off the public at low interest rates and lend

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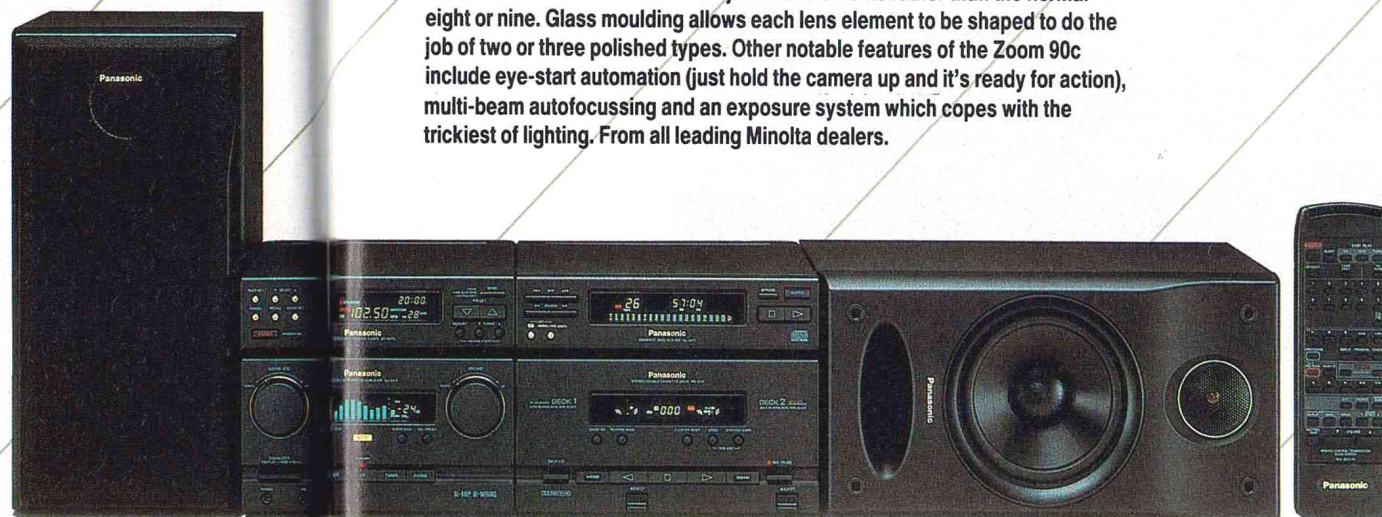
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*Use only as directed and consult your doctor if pain or symptoms persist.
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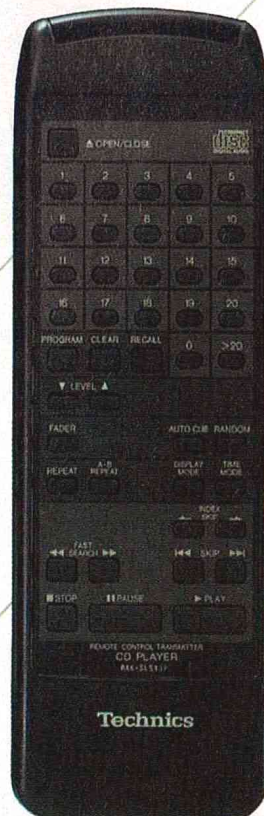
Appropriately called the Microfax, it weighs under two kilograms and can be easily packed into a briefcase. The PN1400 links to a portable telephone so you can send and receive faxes from just about anywhere or move the unit from office to home. Despite its diminutive dimensions, the PN1400 offers all the features found on bench-top units, including memory facilities, a redial function and controls to regulate contrast and resolution. Power can be derived from batteries or an AC mains adapter. More details from Microfax Australia. ▶



A baby system with a big sound, ▶
Panasonic's SC-CH7 mini-component system has a modular design which means it can be configured to fit into the smallest or most awkward of nooks and crannies. The compact components can be stacked or arranged end-on to suit your living space. What you get for your \$1550 is a programmable compact disc player, double autoreverse cassette decks and a stereo AM/FM tuner with 28 presets. These are driven via a four-channel amplifier and what you hear is courtesy of a pair of two-way ported loudspeakers which deliver a solid base to complement crisp, clean mid-range and treble sound. A remote controller oversees the complete system and the components are interlinked to make functions such as recording off CDs extremely straightforward.



So you really don't have a clue about photography? Chinon has just the camera for you in the shape of the Auto 4001. The "auto" in the title isn't there solely for decoration — the 4001 really does take care of everything. It even composes the shot. All you have to do is switch the thing on and point it in roughly the right direction. The lens is a 35-70mm power zoom which is coupled to a smart triple-beam autofocus system so the Chinon calculates the subject's distance and size and frames it accordingly. Exposure control, flash operation and film advance are all handled by the camera, which fortunately keeps quiet when you're handing the prints around. \$390 from Kodak (Australasia).



MASH (no, not the television series) is the acronym coined by Technics for a new system of converting the digital data on a compact disc into music. Basically, MASH means more accurate sound reproduction for a lot less dollars than before. The Technics SL-PS900 CD player (which carries a \$799 price tag) is designed to give you exactly what the original artist intended and there's a host of convenience functions for both listening and editing (for example, the SL-PS900 automatically shuffles the CD tracks so they fit on to both sides of a cassette). A remote controller allows direct access to individual tracks and you can program your own play lists. Distributed by Panasonic Australia.



Some clever tricks with glass moulding (as opposed to polishing) have enabled Minolta to come up with an extremely small and light 35mm zoom compact camera. The Riva Zoom 90c is equipped with a 38-90mm power zoom lens which has been constructed from just four elements rather than the normal eight or nine. Glass moulding allows each lens element to be shaped to do the job of two or three polished types. Other notable features of the Zoom 90c include eye-start automation (just hold the camera up and it's ready for action), multi-beam autofocussing and an exposure system which copes with the trickiest of lighting. From all leading Minolta dealers.



It was never this easy for Spielberg or Stone. JVC's GR-303 VHS-C format video camcorder is loaded with features to help make some pretty impressive home movies. The 8X zoom has two speeds and there's a nine-step high-speed shutter which has settings up to 1/10,000 of a second for sharper looking action sequences. Up to three title pages can be stored with a choice of eight colors. All this is backed by fully-automatic operation and sophisticated facilities such as digital tracking while a high-resolution CCD image sensor ensures high quality pictures on-screen. The cost of this little lot is \$2199 from Hagemeyer (Australasia).

A bit of flash gear for the car from Pioneer. The KE-2750QR and 3750QR are what's called a "front-end" in the business, but you probably know them better as radio cassette players. They've been designed to assist with easier operation on the move, which basically means there are no small, fiddly controls so you won't have any nasty accidents when playing with your knobs. Convenience is the name of the game with these machines, so they have lots of nice little touches like a memory which automatically stores the six strongest stations in an area. No more fumbling with tuning and presets. A quick-release bracket permits you to remove the Pioneer units from the dashboard before the light-fingered get to them. The 2750 will set you back \$339 while the 3750 is priced at \$399. ▼



Canon continues to improve the dollars-per-feature ratio on video camcorders with the new 8mm format E110 selling for under \$2000, but equipped with goodies galore. At the sharp end there's a 10X zoom and the creative video-maker can choose from multi-colored titling, an audio/video fader, high-speed shutter, built-in video light, standard or long-play modes (the latter allows up to three hours' recording on a 90-minute 8mm cassette) and close-up focussing. The pictures are accompanied by a hi-fi stereo soundtrack. A remote controller makes for extremely convenient playback while camera recording is fully automatic.

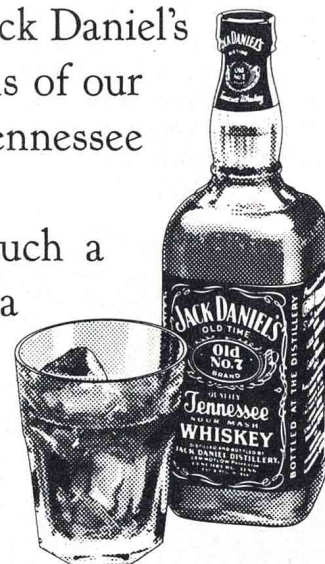


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Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

Surviving Unemployment

Losing your job doesn't mean losing your self-respect

When you meet someone new, often the second piece of information you exchange is about your job. First your name, then "what do you do for a crust?" In our society, your job is a major part of your identity. Having one establishes you as a worthwhile citizen, earning your own keep. Beyond that, it can confer special prestige on you, depending on what it is. It can say you are "qualified", "educated" or "professional", as well as implying a certain level of earnings — and lifestyle.

It's not surprising, then, that losing your job can be a personal crisis. This can even happen when you were expecting it through resignation, retirement or redundancy. It can be harder if you are sacked, retrenched or, as is the case for a growing number of young Australians, just never employed. It can even apply to women who have made their careers as homemakers. Although this is a job that gets little recognition from some men and most governments, it is important to both our national productivity and the people who do it.

Your job should be a major source of rewarding and

satisfying activity for you. Some jobs are, so losing the job means a major loss of rewards. Even a job that isn't in itself very rewarding can at least provide the money for you to get into other rewarding activities beyond work. Losing your job can mean losing those activities. Your job often gives you access to friendships and organised social activities. Losing your job might mean losing friends and fun.

If you are sacked or retrenched, there is a risk that you will see this as evidence of personal failure. This can make you devalue yourself and lose self-esteem. If you think you were dealt with unfairly, you might legitimately feel angry. But with no chance to express your anger at your ex-employer, there is a risk you will bottle it up or dump it on other people in your life.

Finally, if your job loss means the beginning of a job search, you could be in for some disappointments. Australia's unemployment rate is close to ten percent and it won't improve for a while. You can easily miss out on a job, not because you aren't qualified and suitable, but because there are simply more

good applicants than jobs. There is the risk that you will see this, too, as a personal failure.

By now we have assembled all the necessary ingredients for a good dose of depression: a loss of life rewards, an increase in difficulties, and negative thoughts about yourself. The people most vulnerable to a bad reaction to job loss are, as you would expect, those who have let their jobs loom too big. They have built their lives around work, derived most of their personal status from the job, often neglecting other parts of their lives, like marriage, family, friends, recreation and health. Take away the job and the holes in all these other areas suddenly become very obvious.

That raises a practical point for all of us still in work. If we don't want to crash when we lose our

"Never set yourself a goal of getting a specific job."

jobs — and sooner or later we will all lose our jobs, if only by retirement — prepare now by leading a balanced lifestyle. That's my recipe for maximising personal success and minimising unnecessary stress, anyway.

When I'm counselling unemployed people looking for a job, I emphasise the benefits of keeping busy. Most important: never set yourself a goal of getting a particular job. This depends on someone else's actions and you may miss out because of them, not you. The risk then is that you misinterpret this as yet another personal

failure. The most useful goal is to give each job application your best shot, because that depends only on you. Allow yourself to feel disappointed if you don't get the job, see if you could have made a better application, then get on with one of your other activities.

A special risk for retired people is seeing your job loss as evidence that you are over the hill, on the scrap heap. Let's get this straight: compulsory retirement was introduced to make jobs available for younger workers, not because of any evidence that older people don't work as well. In fact there is plenty of evidence that older workers often do better than younger ones. What they have lost in speed or strength they can more than compensate with skill and experience. Have you noticed the ages of many of our world, community and business leaders?

Primary ageing is a gradual deterioration of all your body systems, starting early in life, and an inevitable part of being human. Secondary ageing is deterioration caused by disease, abuse and misuse. Many of the problems seen as a part of old age are in fact caused by secondary ageing which is preventable. It is never too late to start a healthy lifestyle with two big benefits. You enjoy life more right now and you will reach older age in a fit state to enjoy it too.

Whether your job loss is permanent or temporary, it brings a number of risks to your self-esteem and well-being. The best medicine is preventive. Develop a balanced and healthy lifestyle and you will cope best when you eventually lose your job. It will protect you from the job-loss blues and contribute to your job search efforts. 



BY RICHARD SLEEMAN
ILLUSTRATION BY NEIL THWAITE

The James Bonds of this world have never had it so good. Only the aims have changed. You don't go after political leaders and scientific whiz-kids with the formula for the atomic bomb any more. The target is the motley group of 93 people comprising the world's most exclusive club — the International

Olympic Committee.

Every four years the IOC awards the Olympic Games to a particular city. For that city, the reward is measured in billions of dollars. So how do these nouveau-spooks go about twisting the arms of IOC members in order to gain their votes?

Let's take a look at the awarding of the three most recent Olympics, starting with Seoul. The voting venue

**Some cities
will do *anything*
to get the
Olympics.**

gamesmanship

gamesmanship

is a flash hotel in Baden Baden, the year 1981. There are just two candidates: Seoul, South Korea, and Nagoya, Japan. To all intents and purposes, there is just one candidate — Nagoya. It looks absolutely certain to be awarded the Olympics for 1988. In London, the betting shops have Nagoya at 20-1 on. And rightly so. Seoul has practically no facilities in place, and is preparing for another all-out war against the north.

The night before the IOC members are to cast their final votes, a large contingent of especially friendly Korean ladies turns up at the hotel. Pure chance? Perhaps. Perhaps not. But of the IOC voters the following day, only one is female.

It's not only the Korean ladies who are spreading favors. In the hotel corridors, representatives of major manufacturers based, like the ladies, in Seoul, are anxious to have the Games sent there. What promises of cash and kind are they making in a bid to change minds and votes? Whatever occurs in the dimly-lit reaches of that hotel in Baden Baden, the world is shocked to learn the next day that Seoul, not Nagoya, is the Olympic city for 1988.

Phil Coles is an IOC member representing Australia. He has heard all the tales of bribery and corruption and is understandably sensitive on the subject.

"I'll start with that one about the Korean girls and influencing the vote for Seoul," Coles says. "I wasn't a member of the IOC at that stage. But I was there at Baden Baden. And this thing about the friendly Korean ladies — it's absolute crap. My colleagues assure me it is complete fiction."

So now we are in Lausanne, Switzerland for the IOC meeting to choose the Games venue for 1992. The Lord Mayor of Brisbane, Sally-Anne Atkinson, at the meeting to present her city's bid, is awaiting the decision.

One of her contingent turns to her and whispers behind his hand: "Hey, I've just heard what one of the bidding cities did for the IOC. When they got back to their hotel rooms last night, a fur coat had been placed on every bed for the members' wives. When Barcelona heard about it, they, too, put fur coats on the beds. Only there were senioritas in theirs."

For voters unconvinced, Spain's ambassador to Moscow is busy wrapping up the communist and socialist vote. Funny thing, but these are the best dressed socialists and communists around town by the time the voting is over. Surprise, surprise — Barcelona wins the Olympic Games for 1992.

But Coles strongly defends the choice of Barcelona for '92 and does not go along with the theory that it was a surprise. Says Coles: "I've lost count of the number of times I've heard the fur coat story in regard

to Barcelona. It simply isn't true. You can believe me on that one. It is not true. End of story. Certainly, I didn't get one, anyway."

Now it's Tokyo, 1991. Just about everyone expects Athens to be granted the centenary modern Olympics in 1996. Certainly, that bevy of scantily-clad Greek darlings at the most recent Greek bash wouldn't have harmed their prospects. Rumors begin to circulate that mere sentimentality and Greeks bearing gifts aren't enough to sway voters. A bidding city says publicly it is stunned that while entertaining an IOC member, the suggestion is put that another candidate might be offering \$60,000 for a vote. Who might have that sort of money? The inference is strong that only Atlanta, as the headquarters of Coca-Cola and of Ted Turner's CNN, could afford it. In any case, Atlanta gets the 1996 Olympics. Coca-Cola is pleased. It is used to getting its way in these matters. After all, it once backed an obscure local politician named Jimmy Carter.

Are these true stories of scandal and intrigue, or as Sally-Anne Atkinson calls them, "easy myths perpetrated by the losers"? Says Atkinson, associated with failed bids by Brisbane and Melbourne and now very much a part of the Sydney campaign for the year 2000: "As a politician, I'm accustomed to hearing rumor and innuendo. I'll continue to treat these stories as just that until someone shows me proof. And so far, no-one has."

Coles, sitting in his new Olympic office in the Maritime building in Sydney, overlooking the Harbour, the Bridge and the Opera House, makes a sweeping motion with his right arm. "Look around you," he says, "can you see any evidence of bribes? There aren't any rare works of art on the walls. No diamonds or gold. I can show you all the gifts I've been given since I became a member of the IOC six years ago. They're all in this cupboard." And he proceeds to show off more fountain pens, carry cases, tie clips, cufflinks and umbrellas — none diamond encrusted — than you'd find in a market bazaar.

But just this year, Coles has made expenses-paid journeys to Barcelona, London, Birmingham, Tokyo twice, Nagano, Athens twice, Papua New Guinea, Berlin, Cairo, New Delhi, Manila, Istanbul, and Lausanne, all on IOC business.

Says Coles: "I don't consider that to be a gift. I hate all that flying. It can't be any good for your health. I sometimes suffer very badly from jet-lag."

All the bidding cities courted Coles and his fellow IOC members before the Tokyo vote on the 1996 venue. But Coles says Atlanta promised him not much more than a few nights at its very best hotel. He recalls the night a limousine picked him up to take him to dinner at a private home, not quite a mansion of *Gone With The Wind* magnitude, but no hole-in-the-wall either. "I walked in and the focal point of the



gamesmanship

dining room was this giant watermelon carved out to read 'Welcome, Phil, to our humble home'. It was sweet and lovely, but hardly a bribe."

It would be fair to say that most IOC members could afford to carve their own watermelons. At last rollcall there were five princes, two princesses, one count, three lords, a marquis, two knights, four generals, two major-generals, a lieutenant-general and an air chief marshal. You wouldn't think that Princess Anne, for instance, or Prince Alexandre de Merode or Princess Nora of Liechtenstein would need to be bothered with bribes since they could buy and sell some of the bidding cities from their private funds. At any rate, the IOC has spent considerable time investigating the rumors.

A number of members were accused of financial malpractice in the lead-up to the Atlanta vote, in which Melbourne was, not so surprisingly, a losing candidate. The accusations came mostly from losing suitors like Athens and Toronto, which say privately that demands were placed upon them by a minority of IOC members. Greek newspapers love a hint of scandal. They published the names of four members who allegedly made excessive demands on travel expenses for visiting Athens. Another loser, Manchester, drew attention

to double ticketing by which members received cash reimbursement from two candidates for a single round trip.

Another lurk, they said, was to claim jewellery belonging to members' wives had been stolen. It was expected bidding candidates might replace the jewellery with a new lot. When, in one instance, the candidate's committee chairman went to the police about the alleged theft, the IOC member became embarrassed and angry.

One of the problems of the IOC in these modern days of glasnost and democratisation is that some members, particularly from backward nations, can scarcely afford their high-profile existence. The IOC is said to be investigating all these claims. But you can't be voted off the IOC. You get to 75 and face automatic retirement, or you die. Says Phil Coles: "It is possible for members to be asked to leave. But I don't recall that this has ever happened."

One thing is sure. The French military drop-out who resurrected the Olympics, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, a man whose moustache could nest a covey of quail, would never have imagined that so much intrigue could surround the squabble to host the Games a century later.

By the mid-Eighties, it was truly out of hand. At Lausanne, for the nomination of the 1992 host, a dozen cities bidding for both the summer and winter Games staged parties to rival any royal wedding.

Amsterdam had a mini-Dutch pub constructed, and filled it full of Heineken beer. Berlin had a German beerhall built and had frauleins handing out the steins until IOC members were as sponsored as newts. A Canadian city chasing the winter Olympics had men dressed as moose and girls working like beavers.

But none matched that infamous party in the Australian High Commission building in East Berlin in 1985 to let the IOC know that Brisbane was serious about its ill-fated 1992 bid. Rupert and Anna Murdoch picked up the tab. The florist and the caterer were hand-picked from the upper echelon of Melbourne high society. Beer and wine flowed like water.

Curbs have now been placed to limit a bidding city's knees-up. And IOC members can't take guests with them on round-the-world jaunts. The use of expensive video presentations is limited to just a few minutes. Maximum expenditure by a candidate is supposed to be less than \$5 million (Melbourne is believed to have spent more than three times as much and still failed).

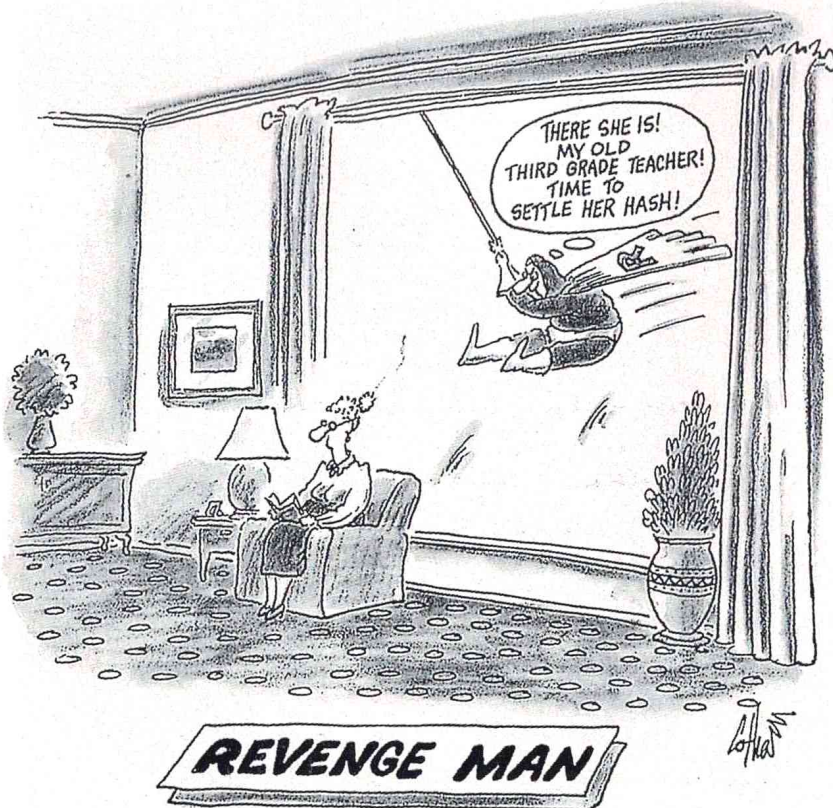
The real work is now done by the modern super-sleuths. Their job is to find out just what each member's particular hobby, need or passion might be, and feed it. Occasionally, that runs to funny incidents.

Representing Brisbane's 1992 bid, Sally-Anne Atkinson found herself in the presence of IOC member Princess Nora on an East Berlin street. The Australians had heard there was an acute shortage of toilet paper in that city, and their luggage was chock-full of Sorbent. Recalls Atkinson: "One of our spies said he'd heard Princess Nora was complaining about the lack of toilet paper. I told her we had plenty, and gave her some. I think this showed up Brisbane in a very good light. So I can't truthfully say that Brisbane did not offer gifts to IOC members. We gave toilet paper to at least one."

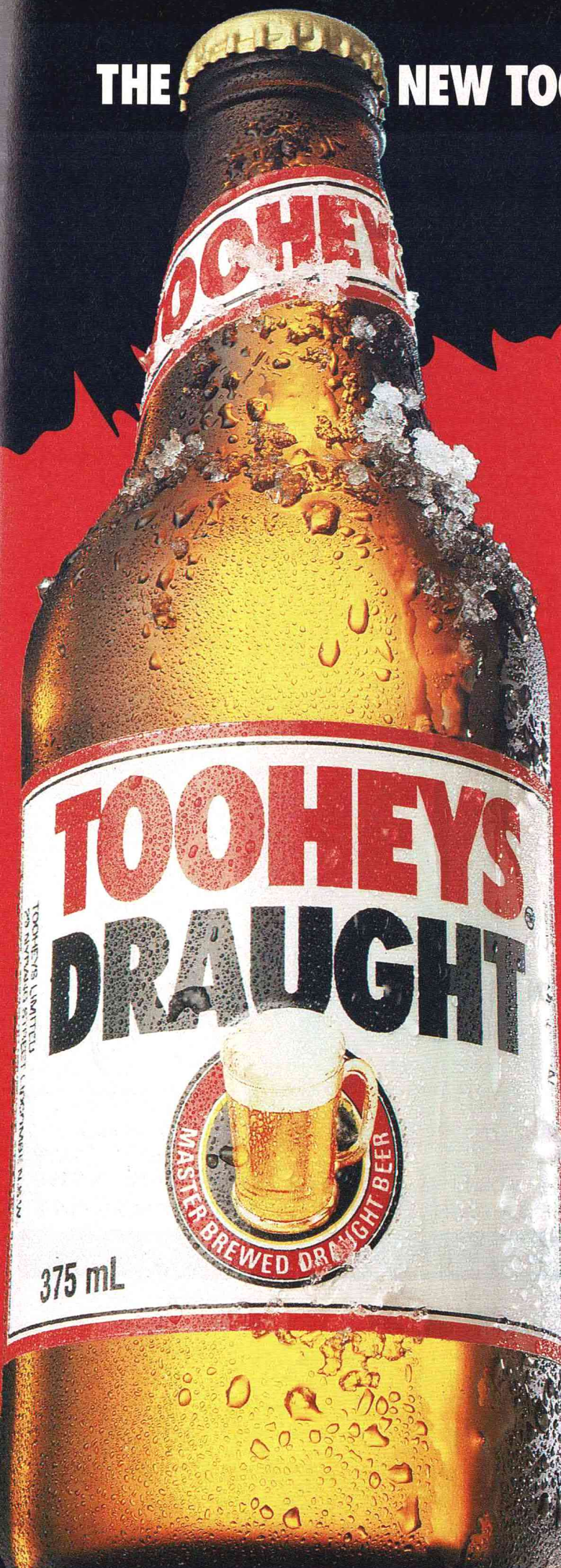
Atkinson played the political game of vote-winning well. Another spy told her secretly that an Algerian IOC member had his grandchild with him on one trip, and before long it emerged that the grandchild craved an Australian boomerang. Atkinson sent home for one immediately, and passed it on to the lad. Hey presto, one Algerian vote pressed firmly in the tucker bag.

Phil Coles again harks back to his trip to Atlanta to inspect that city's facilities before the 1996 vote. He says: "I don't know how they found out, but I have this love for the American Civil War. I lap up whatever I can read or see about it. Oh, they showed me the Olympic sites first. But a large part of the time was taken up showing me through the Civil War museum in Atlanta. Of course, General Sherman ordered the city burnt to the ground, which it was.

Continued on page 84



THE NEW TOOHEYS DRAUGHT STUBBY

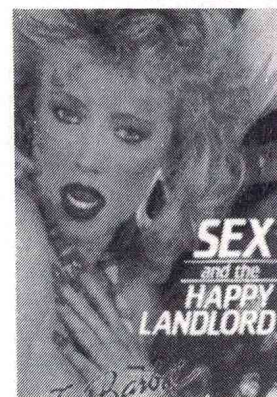


IT'S BIGGER MATE!

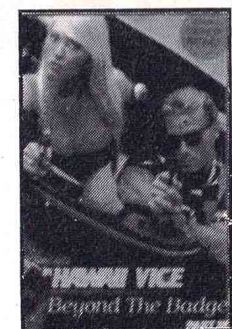
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1520 WHERE THE SUN NEVER SHINES - Christina, Brittany, Tony Montana, Kelli, Kimberly, Tony, Scott and Brittany expand their horizons approaching their lovemaking from the back-end first. 82 mins.



1605 SEX AND THE HAPPY LANDLORD - Barbii, Tom Byron. Barbii has just arrived home from her first European Vacation. She decides to take a hot bath in the hope of melting away some jet-lag. 82 mins.



1499 HAWAII VICE PT. III - Kascha, Francois. "White Slavers" are kidnapping beautiful women. Run time approx. 82 mins.



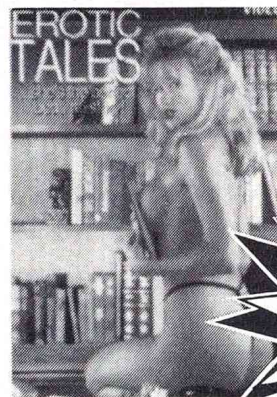
1501 JEALOUS LOVERS - After a bout of jealousy Kascha unleashes her sirens to arouse Francois's lust! R/time approx. 82 mins.



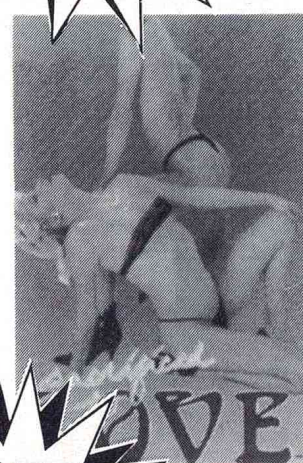
1482 KASCHA - Kascha & Francois. Kascha wants Francois for herself. But how? Run time approx. 82 mins.



1480 SEPARATED - Start the nineties off right! Finally, the sequel to the most unusual film of the eighties! Paul Norman takes his Siamese Twins one final step further. View the actual separation and then watch as the twins seek their own unique sexual identities! R/time approx 87 minutes.



1478 EROTIC TALES - Books. They can do a lot for you. They can inform, educate, entertain and stimulate. And you've probably already guessed that's got sultry Tisa turned on.



1606 SACRIFICED TO LOVE - Shari Anderson, Francois Papillon. Roland's photographs were recognised as art, but his ego made him lust for more from women that just capturing their beauty on film. He needed them to want him, to be possessed by him. Run time approx. 84 mins.



1495 ONE WEEK IN BANGKOK - Tukata. When you get to Bangkok they ask "What do you want and how do you want it?" R/time approx. 80 mins.



1566 THE LOTTERY - Busty Belle, Rachael Ryan. Rachael's loving spouse, Sean blew the rent money on the lottery. What a jerk! But what if he really won ten million dollars! Oh, my GOD!! We WON!!!!!! WE WON!!!!!!

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JOHN HARROLL

HIDE & SEEK

"I've always been playful," says 20-year-old Cassie. "I can remember as a kid never wanting to grow up because adults never seemed to have any fun at all. Then I *did* grow up and discovered adults can have loads of fun — especially if they've got the right sort of playmates. And I always seem to be able to find plenty of willing partners."



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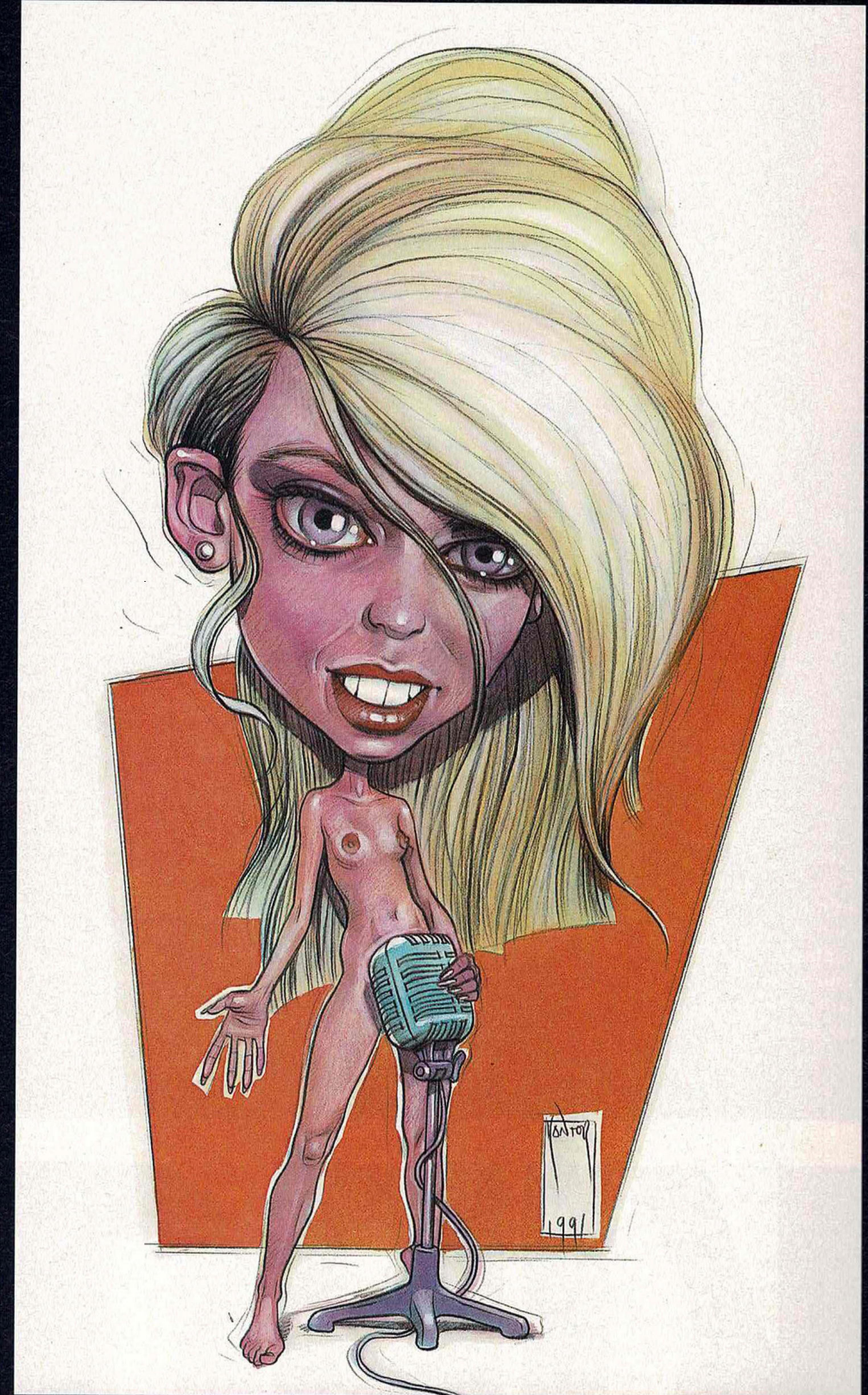






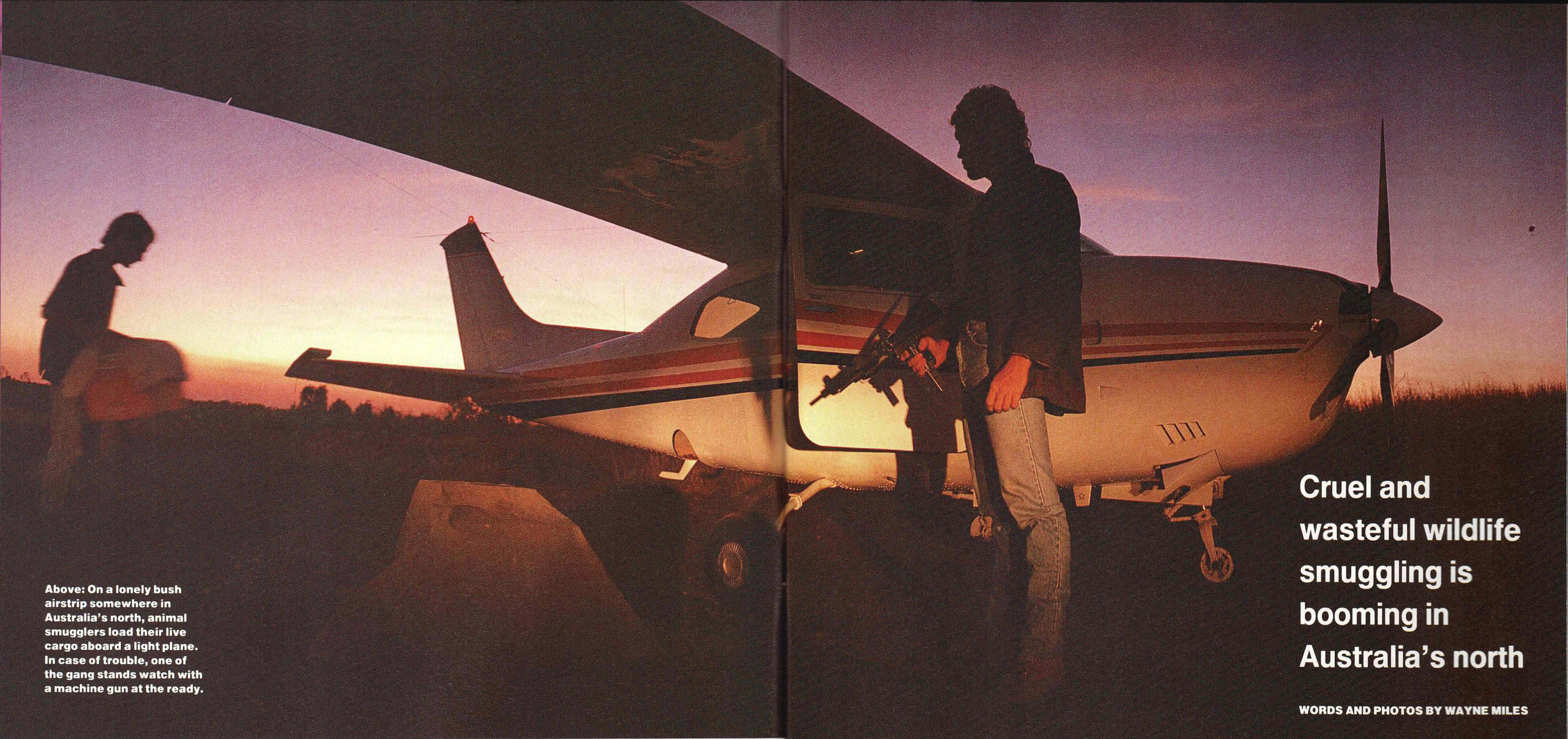


K A N T O R' S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Kylie Minogue



Above: On a lonely bush airstrip somewhere in Australia's north, animal smugglers load their live cargo aboard a light plane. In case of trouble, one of the gang stands watch with a machine gun at the ready.

**Cruel and
wasteful wildlife
smuggling is
booming in
Australia's north**

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY WAYNE MILES

SKIN TRADE

While Australian politicians and greenies argue about how best to preserve and protect our native wildlife, others are busy cutting the ground from under their feet. No wildlife, no problem, right? It's not just the traditional bad guys — loggers, developers, the ignorant and the callous — who are to blame. As the supply of rare and exotic animals dries up around the world, it is increasingly the animal smugglers, lured by the promise of big bucks, who are threatening entire species with destruction.

Example: In 1984, a Japanese television station screened an advertisement starring a frillneck lizard. Overnight the reptile became a celebrity, creating lizard mania. Japanese entrepreneurs promptly began importing as many of the frillneck lizards as they could lay their hands on, blithely ignoring the minor point that this uniquely Australian lizard is a fully protected species.

Some 50 specimens were imported into Japan in the ensuing period to be used for sidewalk shows and promotional tours of safari parks, department stores and supermarkets. The promoters

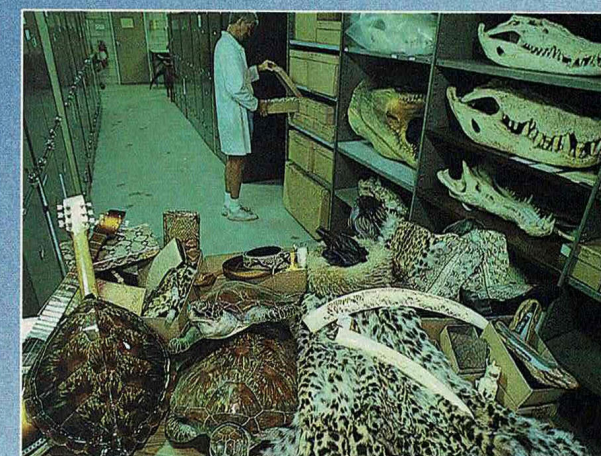
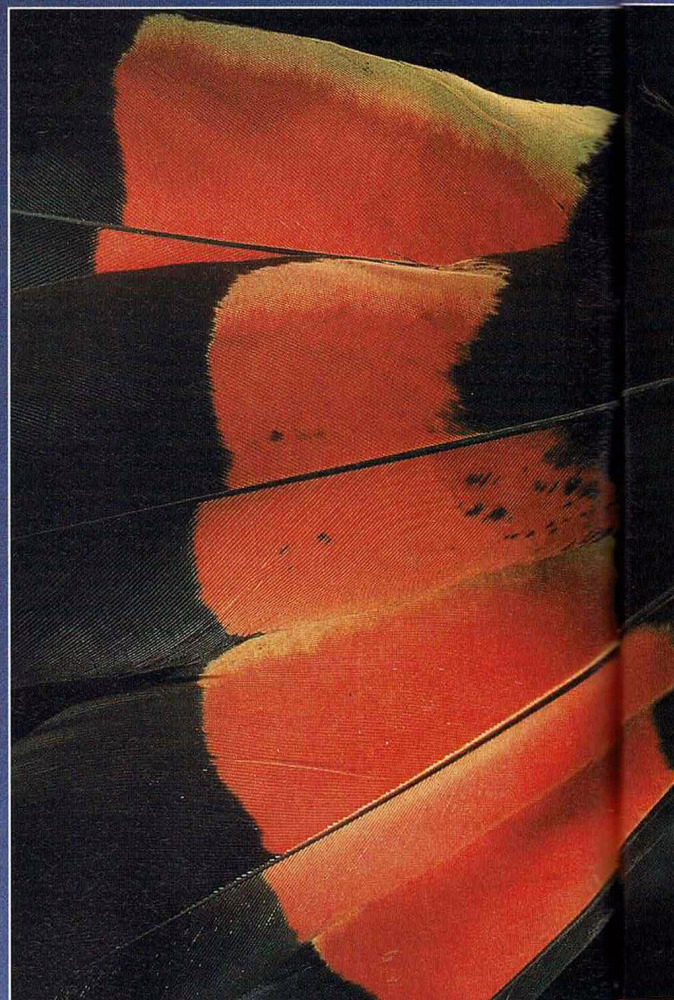
SKIN TRADE

were soon raking in a cool \$6000-\$7000 a day in entrance fees. One of the biggest promoters was the Director of the Insect Museum in Utsunomiya, a man legally entitled to import only insect specimens. All the same, he was still able to obtain 12 frillneck lizards. How much did he pay? No one knows, but according to authorities, a pair of the reptiles recently sold in Japan for about \$250,000 on the black market. Buyers were queuing.

The abuse and destruction of the world's fauna has deteriorated to the point where we are now losing one species a day, on estimate. That's 400 times the natural attrition rate. Most of us don't know it, but Australia is one of the hardest hit countries in the world. A recent publication, *Australia's Endangered Species: The Extinction Dilemma* by Michael Kennedy, lists 500 vertebrates — 400 terrestrial and 100 marine — in danger. Eighteen uniquely Australian species — ten marsupials and eight rodents — have already been lost for good. And with overseas clients and collectors willing to pay in excess of \$20,000 for a single gang-gang parrot, it is clear that our remaining native fauna is facing an uphill battle to survive.

The world trade in wildlife — legal and illegal — is estimated to be worth at least \$6.25 billion a year. One year's international trade can include some 40,000 primates, at least one million rare orchids, four million live birds, ten million reptile skins, 15 million fur skins, over 350 million tropical fish and a diversity of others. Ivory from at least 90,000 elephants was taken annually before protection, although the figure is much lower now. The figures are inevitably guesstimates — poachers don't keep records. In almost all illegal cases, however, the routes taken by the animal dealers are tortuous and result in the deaths of many more animals than those that actually arrive at their final destinations — usually the private collections of Europe, America and Australia.

David Heard, senior Conservation Commission wildlife officer, says: "Ninety percent of illegal Australian native bird and reptile consignments are dying in transit from shock, mistreatment and



Clockwise from left: Black cockatoo feathers, with characteristic orange banding; crocodile carcass lying beside the Mary River, NT, its head removed by poachers; radar operators watch their screens within a patrolling Coastwatch plane; inside the Customs contraband warehouse; rare possum skins for sale at PNG markets. **Main picture:** On the front line — Customs officers line up beside their Coastwatch plane.



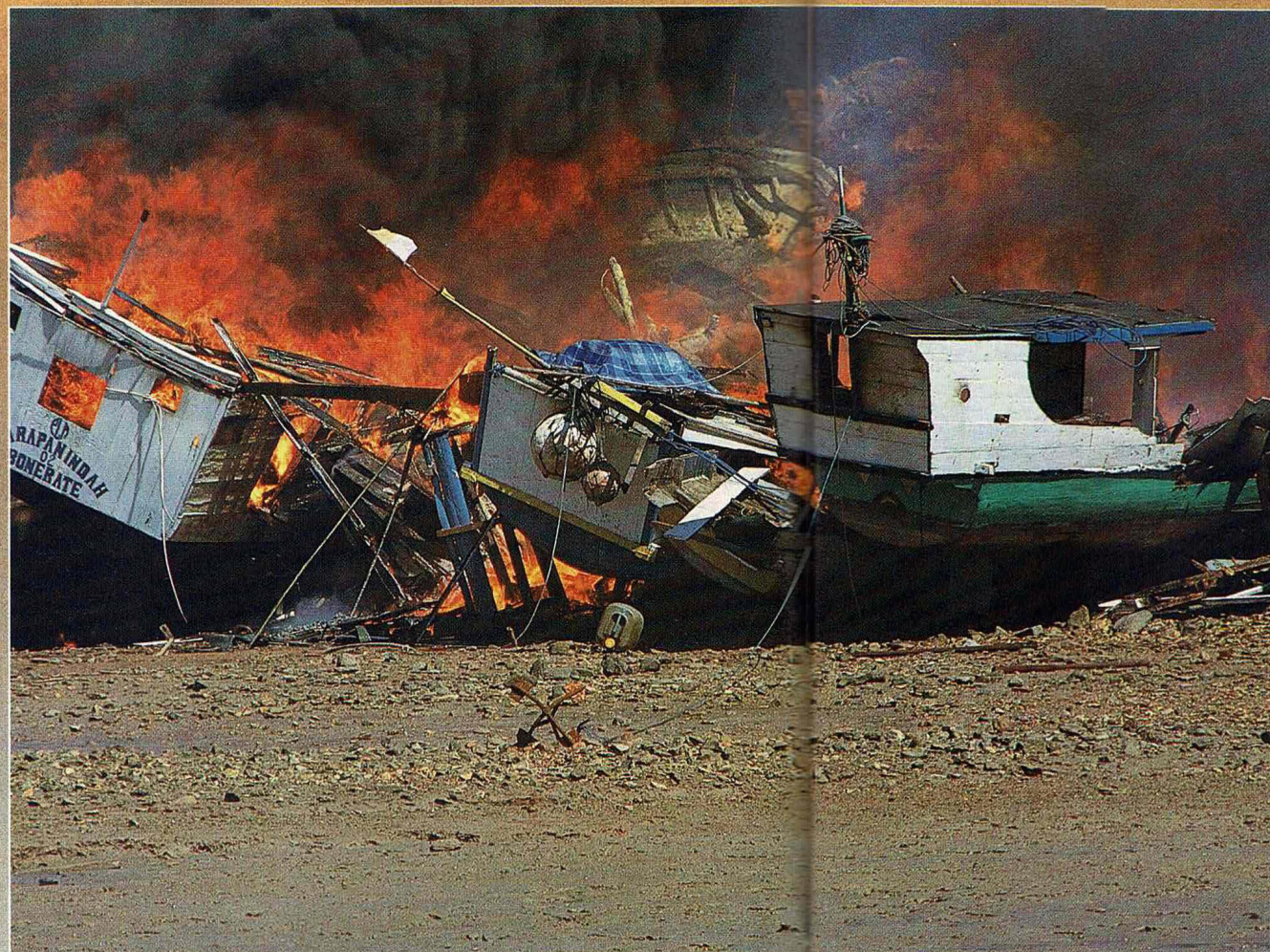
SKIN TRADE

poor handling, and smuggling is now threatening entire species within the country. An international courier need only make it through these operations with one animal to make it profitable, and they care nothing for the animals' agony. Couriers often drug them with tranquillisers and bind them with tape to keep them quiet. They are then stuffed into confined spaces like plastic tubing where they suffer till dead."

David Barrington, a senior enforcement officer in the South Australian branch of the National Parks And Wildlife Service (NPWS), like most seasoned officers, is appalled at the cruel and heartless way fauna is trafficked. He says: "Australian bikies and criminal organisations are now using the Northern Territory as their playground. These bikie smugglers are dealing in crocodiles and snakes, particularly children's pythons and carpet snakes."

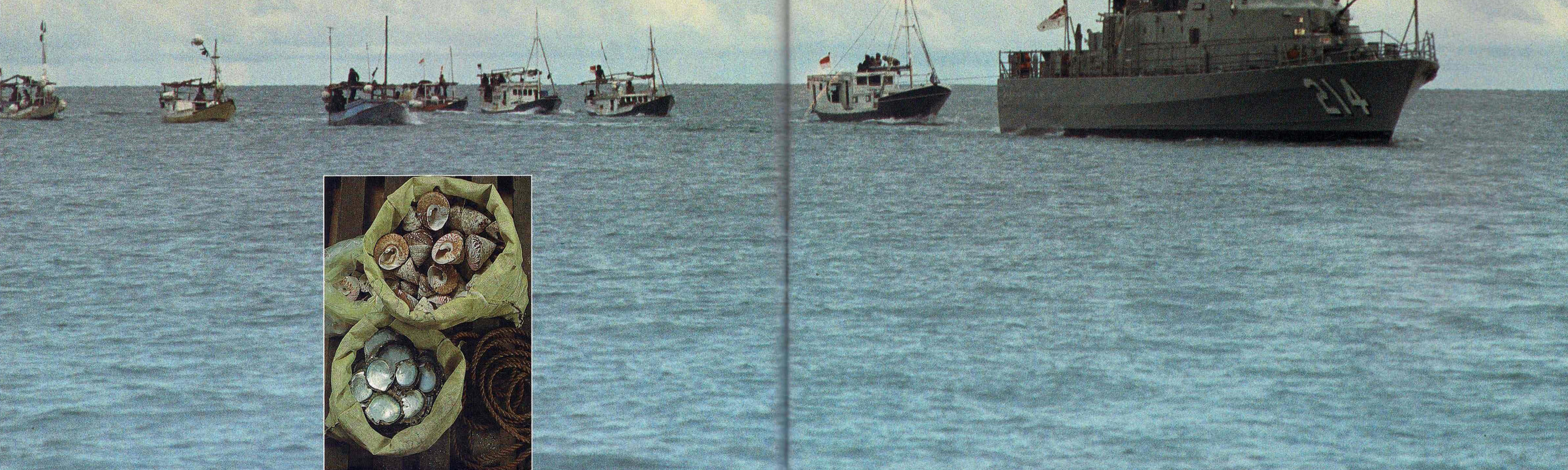
Barrington says wildlife officers know of one gang in particular which is responsible for a number of deals with other organisations and which is operating regularly, sometimes on a monthly basis. "The problem with animal smuggling is that the animals are seen as expendable — if they die the smugglers simply go and get more," he says. "These bikies make regular trips to the Northern Territory to pick up compliance plates of stolen cars, pick up their drugs, pick up their animals and belt back down to South Australia. There have been successful prosecutions in recent times but the world of wildlife racketeering is marked by threats and corruption and it seems to be getting worse."

In the Seventies, Australia, along with 100 other nations, signed an agreement in the US to standardise the international trade in endangered species (flora and fauna) in the hope that other countries would follow suit. However, the Convention on International Trades in Endangered Species (CITES) has loopholes. Although over the years more and more countries have ratified CITES — and it has done some good — in most cases it has been



Main picture: Indonesian fishing boats being towed back to port — and captivity — by a Royal Australian Navy patrol boat.

Bottom left: Trochus and pearl shells illegally collected by Indonesian divers from Australian waters. **Top left:** Impounded Indonesian boats go up in smoke, Darwin Harbour. **Top right:** Captured Indonesian fishermen face jail in Australia and fines back home.



SKIN TRADE

largely abused or ignored. Signatories either don't care, or they are making so much money from the illicit trade that their authorities turn a blind eye.

Traffic Oceania is a private, international network funded by the World Wildlife Fund which monitors both legal and illicit movement of flora and fauna worldwide. According to a recent Traffic report, Thailand — a member of CITES — is shown to have one of the worst records in implementing the convention. Bangkok has been identified as the biggest clearing house for illicit Australian native animals in the world.

Traffic claims that Thailand's lack of control over the illegal wildlife trade allows not only Australian native animals such as wallabies and protected galahs and parrots to appear openly at markets, but many species of primates, white-tailed sea eagles and protected native Thai birds which are displayed in their hundreds despite the international prohibition on their commercial trade.

NPWS law-enforcement officer Kevin Hillier, of the NSW investigative fauna unit, says that "much of the demand that leads to illegal trappings is brought about by aviculturists who yearn to collect and possess rare and exotic birds. Like reptile fanciers, aviculturists tend to be so wrapped up in what they are doing that they become obsessed and don't care how they get what they want to own. Smuggling is simply seen as a means to an end."

John Nichol, the world's foremost expert on animal smuggling and the investigative author of the book *The Animal Smugglers*, says that both the legal and illegal animal trade worldwide continues to expand with few hindrances, with some people making a lot of money out of it. He spoke of one smuggler he knew personally, working out of the US. His specialty: any ten pairs of Australian parrots you care to mention, delivered to your door providing you have \$100,000 or its equivalent in any major currency.

"The smuggler has contacts in Australia who collect the birds, and when he receives information that they are available, he organises a boat to pick them up from a rendezvous off the coast," says Nichol. "They are then laundered through other countries so that they become ostensibly legal, then through Mexico they are taken across the border to the US."

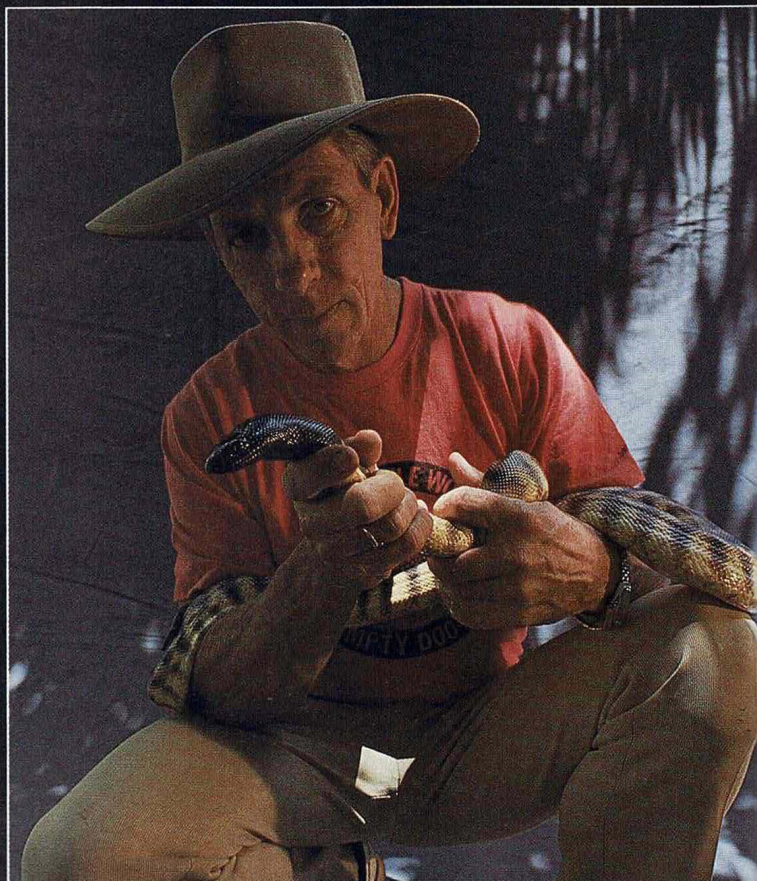
Customs spokesman Alistair Wilson says that the Federal Government is now taking greater action to combat all facets of this illegal fauna trade, as are the courts. The Government has increased the maximum penalty to \$100,000 or five years' imprisonment under the Wildlife Protection Act for trafficking illegally in native fauna. On the ground, Customs is planning to make life harder for the fauna racketeers by setting up a special task force nationwide (already in operation in NSW) to concentrate on the source — the poachers in the Outback.

Australian Customs, Quarantine, and NPWS authorities believe that no law enforcement agency on its own can contain the smuggling of wildlife in and out of Australia. But they have increased manpower, stepped up surveillance along our coastline, pressed into service additional boats and aircraft, installed sophisticated remote sensors for monitoring isolated air strips in the north, and use the latest technology in both the field and international airports. However, far more commitment is needed from both the public and government if Australia's wildlife is to be protected from the pressures of animal smuggling.

Continued on page 104



Main picture: Bearded dragon, high on the smugglers' hit list.
Bottom left: Reptile expert Graeme Gow, with friend.
Top right: A mist net claims another feathered victim.
Centre right: Fauna smuggling body harness designed to be worn under a jacket.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Nicola's the kind of girl who's always home, whether you call round on a Saturday night or a weekday morning. "My parents are really hard working Protestant types — up early, early to bed, that sort of thing," purrs the 24-year-old, "But it never rubbed off on me. I just love lazing about."

HOME BODY

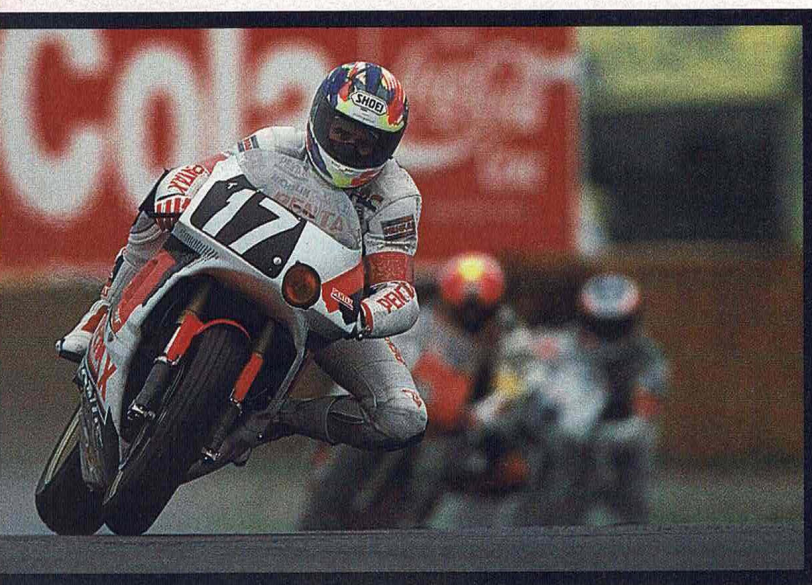






Needless to say, she doesn't live with her parents. "They were just too straight. Who wants a secretarial career when you can lie in late, wear what you like and do whatever you want with whomever you want at any hour of the day or night?" Sounds good to us. Just don't expect to find Nicola out and about — she's far too busy at home.

Queenslander Daryl Beattie is following fast in the footsteps of Gardner, Doohan and Magee



YOUNG GUN

PROFILE BY MARK REED

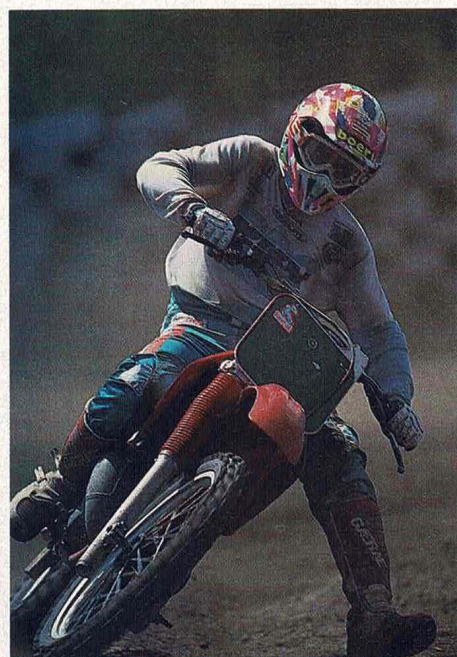
November 18, 1990, Manfield Raceway: Australia's hottest international motorcycle racing prospect, Daryl Beattie, crashes out of the final race of the 1990 World Superbike Championships while running in second place.

November 19, 1990, bungee-jumping platform, 54m above a Kiwi stream: An enthusiastic 20-year-old Brisbane boy throws himself off the platform for his first-ever bungee jump. Climbs back up and jumps again.

It's almost as if something happened to Daryl Beattie above that New Zealand river more than a year ago. Some form of mental confidence

Photos by Atsushi Bessho





Clockwise from above: Beattie, sliding out on a motocross bike; gunning his Honda RC 30 at Eastern Creek Raceway; in the pits at Suzuka with Gardner; changing tyres at Suzuka.

Photo by Atsushi Bessho

YOUNG GUN

boost which opened a whole new sector of the brain that is normally left idling.

One week after taking the plunge, Daryl Beattie performed a ruthless domination of the last major event of the 1990 calendar — the Aria Cup International Superbike Challenge at Sydney's Eastern Creek Grand Prix venue.

In a display of cool mastery of the opposition, Beattie pulled a qualifying stunt which Senna would be proud of. While the class field battled to match the factory Honda rider's practice pace, Beattie flipped down the lid of his self-designed "graffiti helmet", warmed up the tyres, took a full half-second off his best time and pulled back into the top of pit lane — where he could see the pit boards of his opposition. When the nearest rivals got within half a second of his time, Beattie fired the Honda RC30 Superbike and did the same again.

That afternoon, Beattie ran away with both 20-lap sprint races before tangling with Australian World Superbike Championship contender, Rob Phillis. Both riders fell, unhurt. The crash occurred in a three-lap desperado sprint nicknamed the "dash for cash" where \$10,000 was up for grabs — winner takes all.

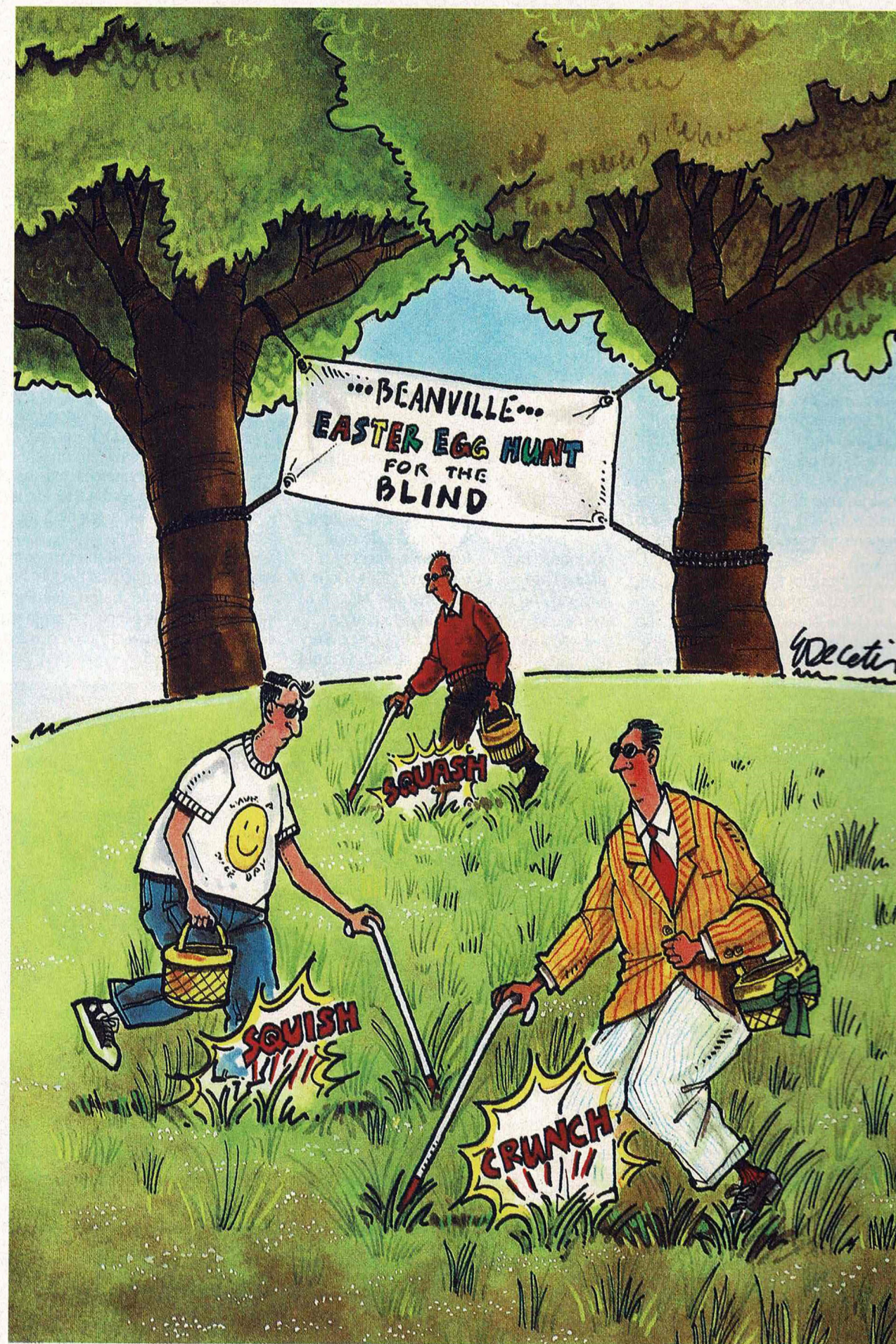
Beattie was unconcerned. After all, he'd just turned 20 and had just pocketed \$26,500 of the day's prize pool. Honda Australia's racing team manager, the inimitable Mick Smith, was less than impressed. "How would it be if I had to call HRC and tell them that their boy had busted himself up in a five-minute scrap for ten grand of pocket money?"

The Christmas break gave Beattie time to relax and think about the season past and that ahead. The year past had seen him make his mark on the international arena by winning the Suzuka 200km Formula One race for 750cc four-strokes in May, and then his incredible performance in the last Australian 250cc Grand Prix at Phillip Island.

After almost a full year's absence from 250cc Grand Prix machinery, Beattie was given a ride on a full works Honda NSR250 in the 250cc Grand Prix. The first two days were spent adjusting his riding style from the aggressive push-and-shove of Superbike racing back to the momentum-preserving smoothness required to get the best from a 250cc Grand Prix machine.

Final qualifying saw Beattie earning respect with the seventh fastest time. Three minutes before the end of qualifying, Beattie held his position. The next two minutes added zeros to his 1991 contract value as he put in a blinding lap to snatch second position on the grid, alongside World Champion elect, John Kocinski.

The Honda heavyweights looked plain scared. They knew Beattie would go well, but to out-qualify all the other works



YOUNG GUN

Hondas on the slowest bike in the field was too much. It was the last Grand Prix of 1990 and the boy they'd been grooming for 500 Grand Prix competition had used their bike to grab second place on the grid — the problem being that he hadn't yet signed a 1991 contract. Obviously Beattie was not just a fast rider with a flair for helmet design.

Gossip of Honda threatening to withdraw him from the next day's GP unless he signed a contract was floating through the pits. Beattie followed the same path he intended to take before the meeting, and signed a letter of intent for a 1991 contract.

Proving that his qualifying time was no fluke, Beattie rode to a brilliant fourth place after holding back to assist Honda's lead rider, Spaniard Carlos Cardus.

Back in suburban Brisbane, the Beattie home fax was running hot. Two factory 250cc offers and one factory 500cc World Championship offer came through the machine, but Beattie stuck by his word and negotiated a Honda contract to race the 1991 season on Formula One machines in Japan.

Loyalty counts a lot to the Japanese factories and Beattie figured that Honda had given him all the breaks since they signed him to race in Australia at the start of 1989. And with the Australian rider/Honda link

established by 1987 World 500 Champion Wayne Gardner, and Beattie's mate from the Gold Coast, Mick Doohan, Beattie was content to leave his Grand Prix assault until 1992.

In the meantime, Daryl Beattie had some tall orders ahead — to win the All Japan Formula One Championship and to be part of the winning team in the prestigious Suzuka Eight-Hour Race.

A special factory test session at Australia's Phillip Island circuit in January last year saw Beattie and Mick Doohan in dynamic form and while Doohan was battling chassis problems, Beattie set a 2 min 36.5 second lap on the 750cc four-stroke RVF Honda. That time would have put him seventh on the 500cc grid for the 1990 Australian 500 Grand Prix.

Beattie's form on the powerful Honda RVF750 was daunting. The machine is capable of lap times roughly mid-way between Superbike and 500cc Grand Prix machine lap records and Beattie had been busy riding the wheels off his, making himself flavor of the year with the HRC executives along the way.

The opening round of the 1991 All-Japan Championships saw Beattie fastest in practice. Then he took pole position and ran away to win by seven seconds. Round two saw the boy from Brisbane stick it to them again with a repeat performance.

A reminder that the control line is very fine came in the third round, with Beattie

making a spectacular exit via the high side while running third in the opening laps at Sugo. Concussed, but otherwise unhurt, his attitude to the fall was clear: "I'll ride better now."

The fall triggered a run of bad luck and his defence of the Suzuka 200 trophy was thwarted by an incorrect tyre choice. While every other rider in the field used tyres to go the full distance, Beattie elected to use sprint tyres and go for a rear tyre change, knowing that it would cost him the best part of ten seconds. The second half of the race wasn't quite long enough to make up for the pit time and Beattie crossed the line in second place, just half a second behind fellow Australian Peter Goddard.

Beattie was out for revenge in the following round at the short and tight Tsukuba circuit. In a pre-event private test, Beattie was a couple of tenths off the 500cc Grand Prix bike lap record and well below the Formula One record. A wet qualifying session saw him qualify fifth — one of only two occasions that he didn't claim pole position on the RVF Honda. But a blown clutch on the opening lap of the race spoiled the effort.

Revenge followed at the following Sugo round, where Beattie was back at his best, qualifying on pole before leading from start to finish. His winning margin was 8.7 seconds and a new lap record was his to boot.



Photo by Peter Geran

Above: Beattie (left) with Gardner watching the lap times monitor during night practice at the Suzuka eight-hour race.

At the time, Beattie was keeping the knowledge that this was his last Formula One class sprint a tight secret, as he had one more job to do: the Coca-Cola Suzuka Eight-Hour Race. This Formula One event is the Grand National of motorcycle road racing. It's the most important race of the year to the Japanese factories; the heavy-weights from World Championship competition are recruited to compete.

With both Doohan and Gardner racing bikes identical to his own, this was Beattie's opportunity to size up against the world's best in front of the factory bosses.

Mick Doohan, who is widely regarded as the world's fastest four-stroke rider, was the man to beat. Beattie missed his pole position target by less than two-tenths of a second, though his best lap of 2 min 14.1

seconds was enough to make him second fastest and, significantly, four-tenths faster than Wayne Gardner.

Beattie's race strategy lasted only two laps, with the young gun being knocked down by a berserk Frenchman. Beattie piled into the bales at high speed and while the bike was repaired and back in the race four laps down, Beattie spent two hours recovering. Then it was back into the rain to relieve his Japanese teammate, Shinitchi Itoh. A gutsy effort from both riders allowed them to climb back to seventh place by the time Beattie guided the Pentax RVF through the Suzuka darkness to the finish line.

The man is hot and he oozes success. Life is for living and Beattie does all of his in the fast lane. His toy collection reflects both the spoils which go with his achievements and his basic hunger for speed. His go-kart and motocross bike were his 1989 toys; last year they were joined by a Supertrick Honda five-litre Maloo ute which is used to haul his 200hp ski-boat. When a slightly more refined approach is required, Beattie has a Group A Commodore to deliver up-market adrenalin.

Relaxed, interested and out-going, Beattie tends to shy away from the celebrity status he has achieved, particularly in Japan where the Formula One Championship races are telecast live throughout the country. But constant media demands and pressure to perform are the job factors

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YOUNG GUN

which he handles just as well as he does a motorcycle.

Just as important, he has a quality which is vital not only to his own career, but also to this glamor sport. From his unusual, drawling speech to his calm but strong manner, Beattie is marketable. Good looking, in peak fitness and smart enough to be one step ahead of most people around him, he represents the new image of motorcycle racer.

Wayne Gardner was the first Australian rider to fully realise the potential of building the profile of the sport. Through good media management and a hectic promotional schedule, he and his press agent, Nick Hartgerink, killed off a lot of the Marlon Brando bikie image which has tainted the Australian attitude to motorcycles for years. Gardner then capitalised on this publicity with his 1987 World Championship win.

The Aussies who followed Gardner on the World Championship trail, Kevin Magee and Michael Doohan, both learnt quickly. Both were fast, with unquestionable talent, but both had to learn the art of press control and professionalism away from the bikes.

Beattie differs from the others because of his age. He was only ten years old and learning to ride his first bike (a Suzuki 500

won on a TV show) when Gardner first left Australia to race in the international arena. From when he was 13, Daryl's father, Paul, recognised the talent of his son and started grooming him to be the world's best rider. Daryl had bags of natural riding talent, but Paul worked on Daryl's mental side, developing the confidence and mental control required to be at the top of the heap on the race track, in front of a TV camera or in the board room.

Where the other Australian Grand Prix riders have been cleaned up and had to change their ways to suit their chosen profession, Daryl Beattie is merely continuing on as usual.

To Beattie, his meteoric rise to being the youngest Australian to race a 500cc Grand Prix two-stroke is no surprise. The results have come because they are simply part of the path you must follow to the top. There's no hint of the star-struck kid about him. The glamor and the big wins are just part of the job he likes doing best.

One week after the Suzuka Eight-Hour, Beattie had his 500cc Grand Prix class debut at the fearsome Mt Fuji Raceway. With less than two hours' experience aboard the 500, Beattie slackened the jaws of many Grand Prix experts by claiming a close second place. The following weekend he went one better, claiming victory by a staggering six seconds in the Nishi Nihon round of the Japanese 500cc Championships.

Rather than returning home, Beattie flew to Italy to make contacts at the Italian Grand Prix and stayed in Europe to encourage Mick Doohan in Czechoslovakia. His presence at these meetings had the motorcycle press convinced that Beattie would join the 500cc Grand Prix circus in 1992. On the strength of his recent performances, he is the most exciting new entry to this elite class in years.

Daryl Beattie is fast shaping up as Australia's answer to the highly talented American motor-mouth, John Kocinski. But where Kocinski spends a lot of time telling the world how talented he is, Beattie prefers to let his results do the talking. Whether these two go on to replace Wayne Rainey and Michael Doohan as the leading contenders for the world title remains to be seen, but there's a good chance that at least one of them will rise to this position.

Of his own entry to the 500cc Grand Prix ranks, Beattie says: "The 500s are missiles, of course, but they are still just another motorbike. They take longer to learn than other bikes and the best riders are riding ahead of their machines, but at the same time they are still riders and there isn't such a thing as an unbeatable rider."

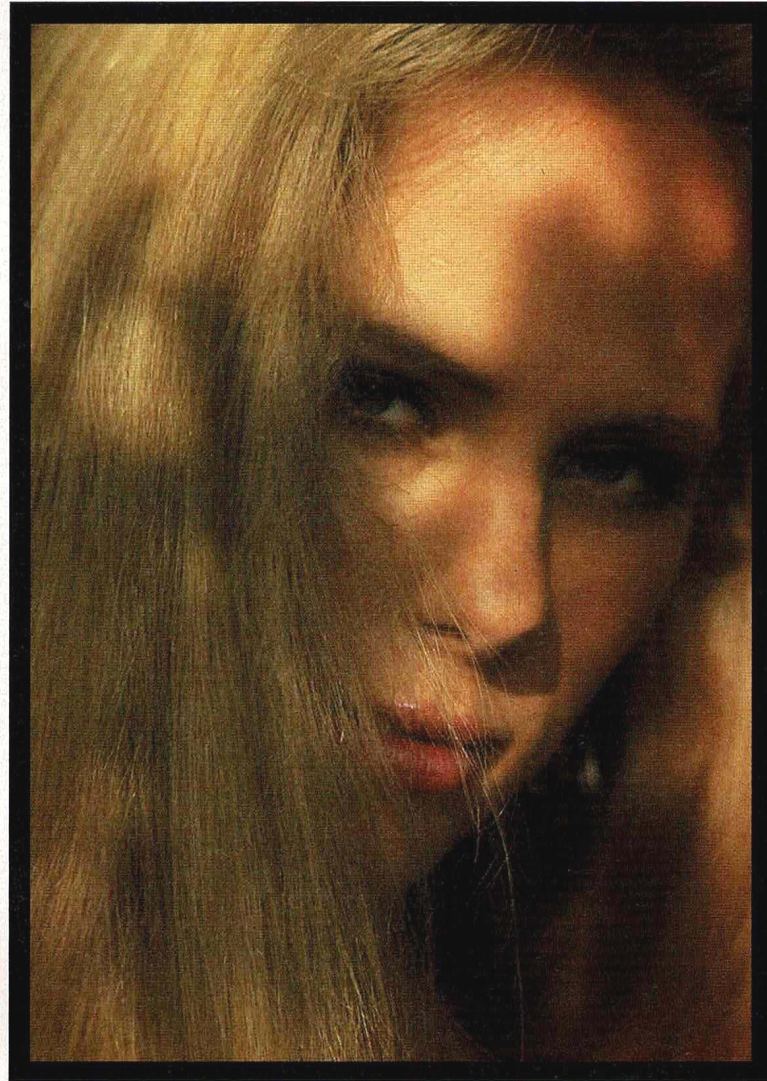
Beattie is entering the final stage of a ladder that leads to the World 500 Championship. So far everything is on course and running well to schedule. 



CINDY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

Heat wave. It's the sort of day when to move is to sweat, when the palm fronds hang listlessly in the still air and the sun melts the bitumen in the driveway. But while others fry, Cindy stays cool, relaxing in her shady garden, stretching out lazily by the inviting blue water of the swimming pool, stroking her body absent-mindedly as she daydreams of the night before.



HEAT

WAVE



Nineteen and never been kissed? Hardly. This is one young lady who doesn't need to keep her fabulous figure by turning into a gym junkie. She may be cool on the outside, but within rages a furnace which requires constant stoking, and the more stokers the merrier. Approach with caution — this ice queen knows how to melt the hardest man.



"I'm lucky, I guess," she murmurs drowsily. "Daddy's well-off and I'm the apple of his eye, but he's always away, leaving me in charge of the house. Since I left school I've been living life on my own terms. I might go to uni next year, but there's so much to learn about the world and so much to experience. I need to explore, and be explored."









WORDS AND PHOTOS BY
BRETT STEVENS

Police air units operate above most major cities the world over, but little is known about them. Recent police chopper accidents, both in LA and in Victoria, give some hint of the risks these air crews face. Constable Brett Stevens, a Sydney cop, was on patrol with the LA Police Department just before the LA crash and was close by when the accident occurred. He also spent time with the NSW Polair unit, thus giving him an insight into the working lives of police aircrews.

Helicops

Police air-support units can pay dearly for a simple error



Helicops

The small Bell Ranger slowly ascends from the heliport, moves to the end of the short rooftop runway and launches into the smog-hazed skies of downtown Los Angeles. We fly past the tall skyscrapers of the central business district, where the sun is reflected a thousand times over from their mirrored windows, as we make our way to the ghettos of south-east LA.

The steady beat of the rotor blades competes with that of the radio dispatcher's voice as she broadcasts a continuous stream of emergency calls. A car crew requests urgent back-up and the pilot, Jim Kilgure, points the nose towards the ground and drops at a pace that has my stomach rising in my throat. He then pulls the machine into a tight 360-degree turn, circling above the patrol car. The ground troops leave the protection offered by their black-and-whites and move cautiously towards two gangbangers who lie spreadeagled on the road. The men are handcuffed and led away, leaving us to respond to yet another call for help.

On the other side of the world, a similar Bell Ranger is involved in a similar scenario — only this time it's the NSW Polair unit operating above Sydney. The chopper circles above a wrecked Ford Falcon, the driver's door hanging open where a gun-

Clockwise from above: The aftermath of the Polair chopper crash in which pilot officer Gary Howe and his observer, Randy Champe, were killed; two LA gang members lie spreadeagled on the street; a marijuana plantation, concealed in thick NSW bush; helicops rescue a fisherman swept off rocks near a suburban Sydney beach; Constable Guy Guiana of the NSW Polair unit keeps watch; LA Police Dept officers Jim Kilgure and Gill Campos.

man has jumped from the vehicle. Constable Donna Wilkinson watches the action below as a German shepherd leads the cops through several backyards. But the gangster had already made his escape.

Police departments around the world have found the helicopter to be an indispensable tool in the battle against crime. But it's a part of policing that is often every bit as dangerous for the crews in the air as it is for the troops on the ground.

Jim Kilgure, formerly a pilot for the US Army, knows what it is like to be shot at while flying his beat. On one occasion a bullet smashed through the canopy and just missed hitting him.

"Most of the time you never see where the round comes from," says Kilgure, add-



ing that, fortunately for the air crews, most people are inept at shooting down aircraft. The few who succeed in actually hitting one are just lucky.

His observer, Gill Campos, had no previous flying experience when he joined the LA Polair unit. Campos says he felt reasonably safe sitting in the "high chair" compared to the streets of Hollywood, where he had worked for ten years. But he was taken completely by surprise when, after being with the unit for only two months, he was shot at by a man outside a country hospital. They were close enough to hear the shots being fired, but weren't hit. The man, who was dying of AIDS, then killed himself. Gill says it was easy to forget that he could be subject to the same dangers as a street cop.



"I remember thinking, I can't believe this guy is really shooting at us. I mean, doesn't he know how much one of these birds costs?"

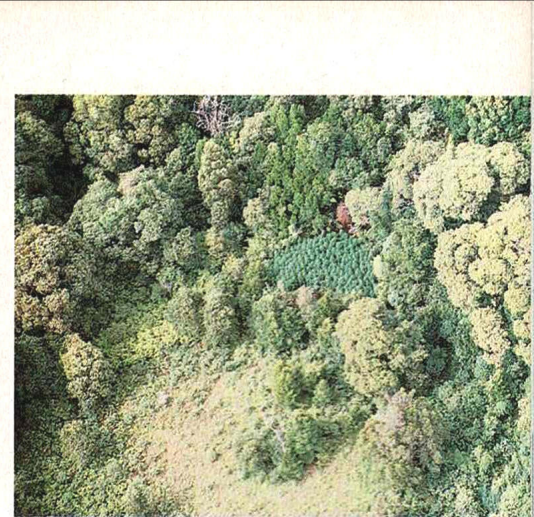
In a chase, a chopper is difficult to shake once it latches on to a target. This was demonstrated to me when an unmarked NSW car called for assistance as it attempted to pull over a car whose driver was wanted for sexual assault. The pilot, Lloyd Lester, flew above the sedan as uniformed police were directed to the scene, blocking the man's escape.

Shortly after this, a second machine circled above the sandstone walls of Sydney's infamous Long Bay Jail searching for escaped convicts as rioting inmates battled warders after attempting a mass break-out.

With Australian mafia bosses and many others making huge profits from the cultivation of marijuana, Polair's crews have made it an art to detect these plantations, many of which are often well hidden in lush and inaccessible rainforest country. In many cases a second observer in the rear seat has to be lowered down, and the plants cut and placed in bunches before being winched back up.

Says Senior Constable Geoff Perry: "We flew down a very tight valley and trees towered above us as we started to winch up a load of plants with the other observer. The machine was shaking and I looked at our pilot and saw sweat pouring from his face. It was then I started to worry, thinking 'if that engine goes, we all go.'"

It's tough work and sometimes the ob-



server has to be left overnight, fighting off leeches and mosquitos, while always keeping an eye out for booby-traps — such as a shotgun rigged to a trip wire — set by the growers. Some of these operations can take several days to complete.

Specialist sections such as SWAT also work in conjunction with Polair. The LA unit possesses a former Army Iroquois used to land teams for rooftop assaults. Polair recently dropped a similar group on a plantation, and a gun battle ensued between the cops and the growers. "They reckon it was bigger than World War III," remarked one observer.

Without doubt, though, the Polair units are best known for their dramatic air rescues. In some bush rescues, chopper crews attempting to save injured people

Polair also patrols Sydney's favorite suicide spot, known locally as The Gap. People throw themselves over this ocean-side cliff-face regularly, although they don't all succeed in their intentions. On one occasion Polair found a man sitting on a ledge midway down. "The guy was wringing wet and it wasn't till we got him to the top that we found out it was him who had jumped. We had caught him on his way up to have another go," says Senior Constable Kerry Smith. It turned out that the jumper had misjudged and landed

The second incident involved a Bell Ranger whose engine simply stopped. With only the sound of the wind and a monotonous warning beep in his ears, the pilot, Greg Duncombe, auto-rotated towards

Some people said Howe was a hero for avoiding a nearby school, while others thought that helicopters flying over residential areas were nothing more than a menace. But whichever way you look at it, it takes a special breed of individual to patrol the city skies. 

"Yes and no."



JANUARY 1991

Stacy Burford

Ethereal and dreamy, Stacy was 23 when she made her appearance in our January edition. Born in Lower Hutt, New Zealand, she travelled all over the world before finally settling in Sydney. Stacy is a trained chef and model, and hopes eventually to run her own brasserie. Her taste in men varies, but she prefers those who respect her intelligence.

APRIL 1991

Sue-Ellen Underwood

Sunshine-girl Sue-Ellen stunned our readers in April with her sultry looks and Gold Coast tan. A Queenslander to the core, 20-year-old Susie likes to live life to the full, taking on one adventure after the other. But ask her to stray far from sun, sand and water? No way.





MAY 1991

Samantha Dooley

Sydneysider Samantha Dooley was born and brought up in the Big Smoke. A dancer and model, Samantha, 19, loves Sydney's cosmopolitan nature and outdoor life. She's hoping to travel off to explore Europe in a year or two, and in the meantime has been studying make-up artistry. "Whatever I do in the future, it will be in the entertainment industry," she says.



JULY 1991

Danielle Schneider

Tall, languid and sociable, 23-year-old Danielle made her second appearance in *Australian Penthouse* in July this year. Born in Switzerland, she came to Australia four years ago and hasn't wanted to leave since. Danielle, an artist, is making the most of the Aussie climate by going sailing, horse-riding and cycling.

SEPTEMBER 1991

Jody Boyce

Our second Kiwi of the year was September Pet Of The Month, Jody Boyce. Twenty-three-year-old Jody comes from South Island where, she says, she was a real snow bunny. An inveterate traveller, Jody has hitched around Australia twice and has settled — for a while — on the Gold Coast where she's enjoying the nightlife and the beach.



OCTOBER 1991

Vanda Mackenzie

Vanda Mackenzie is an upfront Leo from Perth who loves life, loves people and loves to be outrageous. We caught Vanda, 23, on her way to the US and took her to the Whitsundays to be photographed. A registered nurse and an aerobics instructor, Vanda enjoys "anything outdoors" and reckons she'll try anything once.





DECEMBER 1991

Lucy Gresty

Happy-go-lucky Lucy is a dancer from the UK who now lives in Melbourne. She plays tennis and also likes to go out at night to let her hair down in Melbourne's rock clubs. Lucy's keen to do more modelling and, later on in life perhaps, become a nurse. She's travelled widely and prefers men who "look like rock stars."

Pet of the YEAR POLL 1992



So you've had a long look at the seven gorgeous contenders for the 1991 title. Now it's time to cast your vote for the *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year on the coupon on this page — and at the same time put yourself in the running to win a hi-tech Yamaha CD player. The Yamaha CDX-450 incorporates the newest digital technology to improve CD performance — single-bit converter, first-rate tracking system, anti-vibration measures, digital filter, remote control, random play. There are more terrific features, too, to be discovered by the lucky winner.

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|--|--|
| ☐ Stacy Burford | ☐ Jody Boyce |
| ☐ Sue-Ellen Underwood | ☐ Vanda Mackenzie |
| ☐ Samantha Dooley | ☐ Lucy Gresty |
| ☐ Danielle Schneider | |

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The start of something long and tough: the 1990 edition of the 24 Hours Of Francorchamps gets the green light.

Opposite: The Porsche 911 Carrera of Roger Visconti and Penthouse's McKay got as high as eighth, but succumbed with fuel pump failure just before half way.

The 24 Hours Of
Francorchamps event
is Europe's toughest
touring car race

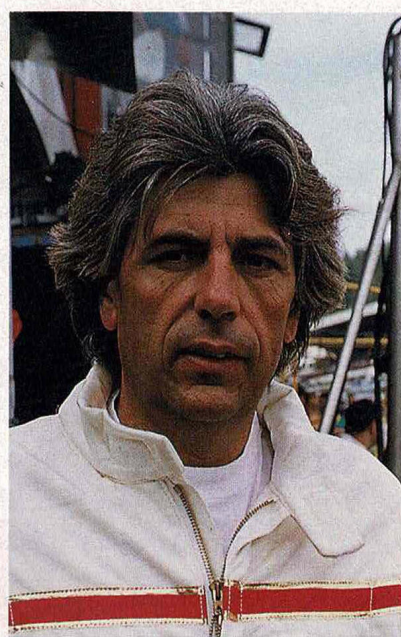


THE LONGEST DAY

In the lush green fields near the famous Spa-Francorchamps racing circuit in the Liege region of Belgium are some rusty old tanks, casualties of the Battle of the Bulge in World War II. These reminders of war are not inappropriate, with the annual 24 Hours Of Francorchamps touring car enduro to tackle.

Spa-Francorchamps is a tough place, one of the most demanding speed venues on earth. Here, 24 hours is forever. Nearly seven kilometres in length, and with plenty of character-building, high-speed corners, Spa-Francorchamps demands a strong commitment from the drivers. But it is not generous to those

MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY



Top: The unstoppable Nissan GT-R, winner by 21 laps. Aussie David Brabham shared in the triumph. Above: Emanuelle Pirro and Bernard Beguin, part of the vanquished BMW team. Left: The Audi V8 Quattro qualified second on the grid but fell out of contention after sustaining crash damage.

LONGEST DAY

who challenge its authority. The life of sportscar and Formula One star Stefan Bellof was snuffed out here in 1985, at the notorious Eau Rouge corner. And in 1990, Belgian Guy Renard died in a crash at the same place.

Quite clearly, Eau Rouge corner demands respect, particularly from a 24 hours race rookie. This is my first time in the 24 Hours Of Francorchamps. But the race's formidable reputation is well chronicled. Driving at night is not easy for the uninitiated. And if it rains, well, *sacre bleu*...

My team is Banbanasti Racing, and my steed a Porsche 911 Carrera. A strong car, I am assured, though not as fast as the factory-supported Porsche Carrera IIs. My French isn't up to anything beyond *merci*. And my fellow team members' English is as extensive as my French. This will be fun. Owner and other driver of the car is Roger Visconti, a Brussels-based fashion manufacturer. There is supposed to be a third driver, but an administrative stuff-up means that just two of us will go into the 24-hour torture.

Traditionally, the 24 Hours Of Francorchamps has been a BMW playground. Irritatingly consistent and reliable as a church bell, they usually manage to wear down their opposition. There are ten BMW M3s here, headed by the works machines. They'll be tough.

A couple of local rockets — an Audi V8 Quattro and an Opel Omega — also threaten. The Omega is crewed by Bathurst regular Michel Delcourt, along with seasoned Aussie Graham Moore and a young Belgian, Wolfgang Haugg.

The wild card is the Nissan GT-R, a car similar to those raced in Australia by Jim Richards and Mark Skaife. Nissan in Japan have sent one to Belgium as a "look-see" exercise, to gather data preparatory to a more serious assault the following year. Swede Anders Olofsson is the lead driver, partnered by Australia's David Brabham and young Japanese petrolhead Naoki Hattori.

The first of several nasty shocks I receive at the track is the demand by a dunny attendant for ten Belgian francs (about 35 cents) every time Percy is pointed at the porcelain. With the nervous system in some disarray, the ensuing days could conceivably cost this visitor a considerable amount of money. The first unofficial practice brings more shocks. I'm trying to get a handle on the car and the track and everywhere there are lunatics slamming into barriers, locking up brakes and blowing engines. The bitumen is strewn with dumped engine oil. This is really quite silly. But we survive. The fastest qualifying time, despite the predictions of locals who figured the BMWs

Continued on page 100



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Atlanta was rebuilt from the ashes. How did they know I wanted to do that? I can't say... but they knew. It left me with a very warm first impression of Atlanta. Sure I came back singing their praises."

The CIA never did as brilliant a job of creating illusions as the team that sold Atlanta to the IOC members. Its bid was full of goodwill to all men, portraying a city of wealth, unity and harmony. The reality is that Atlanta's private Olympic committee is dominated by affluent whites in a city with a black mayor and a population which is 70 percent black.

When black IOC members came to visit, they were shown black millionaires like Herman Russell, president of H.J. Russell Constructions; or Jesse Hill, president of Atlanta Life Insurance. That's what relatively poor black members wanted to see, of course, before they cast their votes in the direction of Atlanta. It's not known if their attention was drawn to another Atlanta black millionaire, Cornell McBride, president of M & M cosmetics, maker of products to straighten hair and whiten skin. Or to the fact that the city's top two social clubs, the Piedmont Driving Club and the Capitol City Club, don't let blacks or Jews in.

Some residents of the Summerhill area of Atlanta, a poor black neighborhood, remembering that parts of it were razed 25 years ago to make way for stadium construction, have vowed to block a proposed Olympic arena in their area. The lead-up to

the 1996 games will be fraught with problems, perhaps even clashes, along lines of class and race.

Why were these matters so readily overlooked when it came to voting for the Olympic city? The losers will mostly cry foul, and cite corruption. Says Phil Coles: "I applaud the IOC for investigating these matters. I can only repeat that Atlanta had the best presentation." It also promised the IOC a billion dollars in TV rights.

So where does all this leave Sydney in its bid to stage the Games in the year 2000? Organising committee chairman Rod McGeoch has already said that no lavish expense will be squandered on making visits by IOC members especially memorable affairs.

Says McGeoch: "We don't need to resort to that sort of thing. Sydney has its own geographical charms."

But there will be Harbour cruises. There will be small gifts and mementos. There will be parties and functions. And already, the spies are out to hook voters with other than cash or gift inducement.

Here's an emotional hook if ever there was one: the apple of IOC President Samaranch's eye is his daughter, Maria Terese. She is a successful investment banker and family woman in Barcelona. It was learned she would love to have some official part to play in the 1992 Olympics in her home city. Phil Coles, playing his dual role as IOC member and part of the Sydney bid, suggested that Maria Terese act as attache to the Australian team in Barcelona. It means she will march behind the Australian flag in the opening ceremony. It goes without saying that her father is looking favorably on Sydney already.

Samaranch lies at the centre of the IOC, unflappable, all-powerful, and totally beyond reproach. He doesn't suffer fools gladly. Nor does he grant an audience lightly.

And that's what it is when representatives of a bidding city get to do lunch with him — an "audience."

Graham Lovett is among Australia's best credentialled sports administrators. His forte is tennis, but his influence spreads considerably wider. As tournament director of the Australian Indoor Championship, he matches wits with the money men behind the likes of Lendl, Edberg and McEnroe.

Lovett has been added to the Sydney delegation striving for the year 2000 Olympics, and had his first taste of wheeling and dealing at Olympic level in Samaranch's suite at the Princess Sofia Hotel in Barcelona last July.

Lovett, Coles, and other representatives of the Australian bid were ushered into Samaranch's presence. Just getting to do that was a coup in itself. Says Lovett: "He'd walk into the hotel lobby with people hanging off his coat-tails. They all wanted to present their case. The fact that Sydney did so in a formal fashion at that early stage gave us a real advantage. I'm used to the rather bawdy methods of dealing with tennis players. They know you are there to discuss money, and talk very quickly gets around to that subject. Not so in the 25 minutes we spent with Samaranch. It was all protocol and diplomacy."

"He was guarded in his predictions for Sydney. We took tea and talked about what was planned. He was friendly, encouraging, non-committal. The thing that struck me most was how serious the whole thing is."

Lovett was asked about the difficulty in "getting to" the IOC members. "You mean physically, or financially?" he counters. "Both are applicable, I understand. The fact is that Sydney is not in a position to compete on a highest-bidder basis."

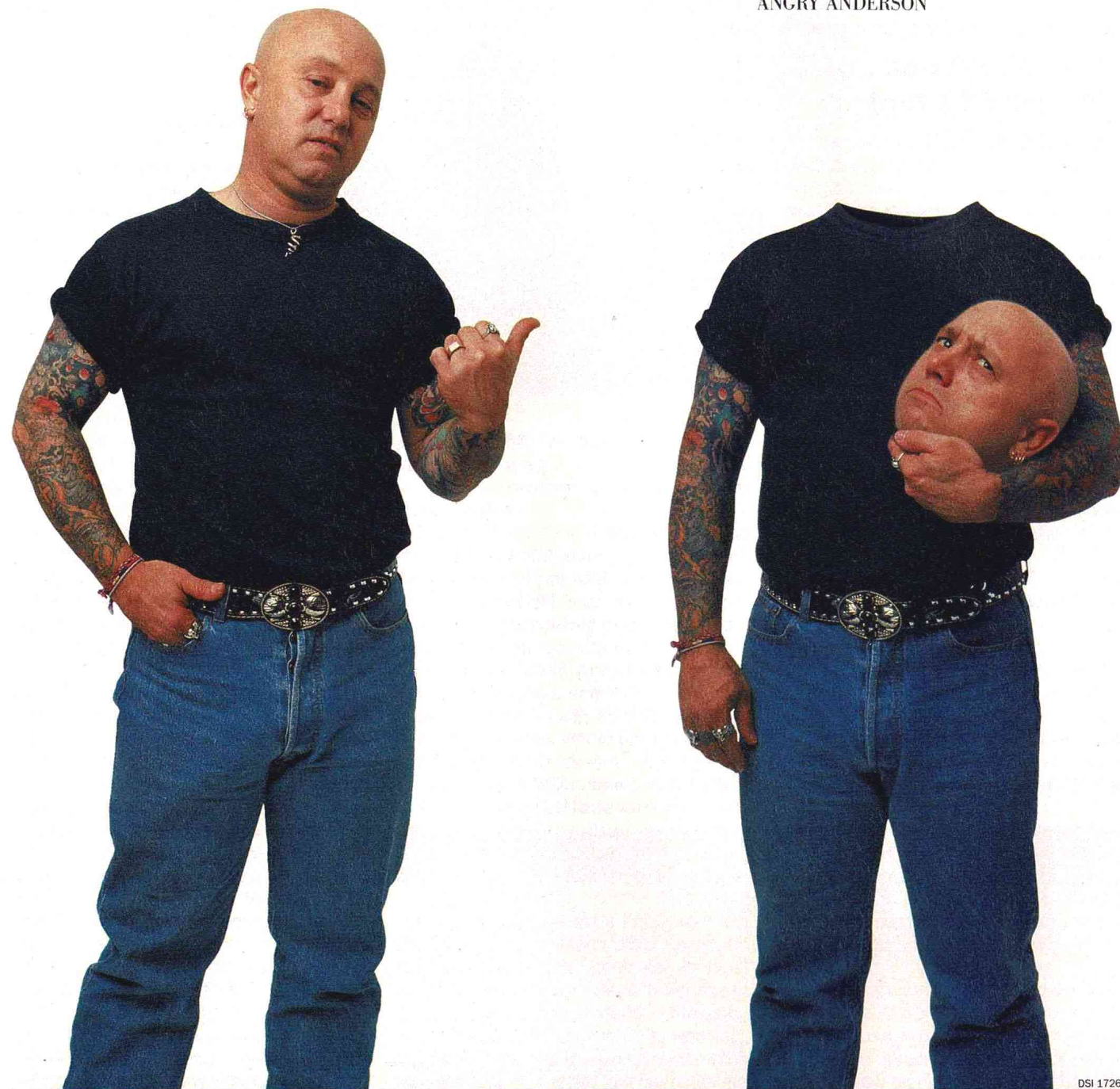
So Sydney, it appears, is not about to go for the underhand. This honest approach has proven costly for this city in the past, and may do so again. Who can forget when Melbourne earned the right, unsuccessfully, to bid for 1996?

The night before our own Olympic Committee voted on that one, the Victorian Government slipped a letter under the hotel room door of every delegate. The letter promised \$30 million to the Australian Olympic Federation, as it was then, for building purposes if Melbourne won. Sydney was the overwhelming favorite. But the announcement was made live over the Australian electronic media that Melbourne would be our candidate.

When you're playing for the highest stakes in the biggest sporting arena of them all, it's generally the good guys that come last. O+

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Walking on air

My girlfriend's vagina lets out a gush of air whenever she has an orgasm. It sounds a little bit like a fart, only the sound is more of a wet explosion. What could possibly cause this?

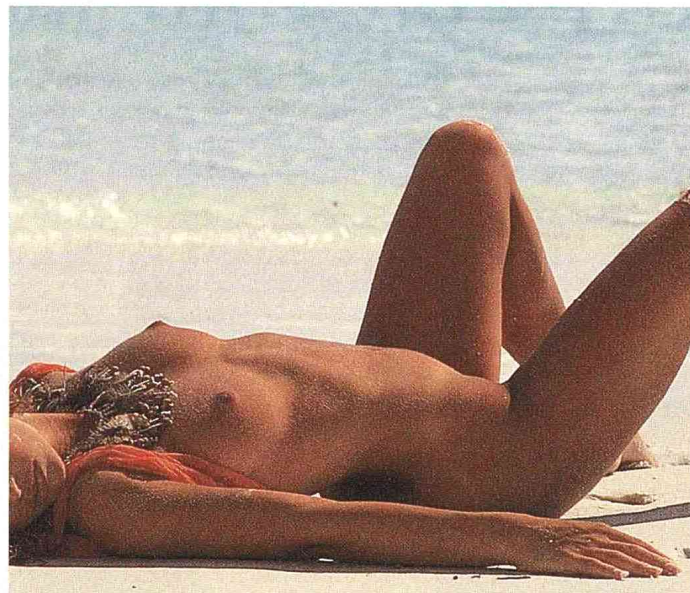
When a woman has an orgasm the muscles of her uterus and vagina suddenly contract. If there is any air in her vagina — and air often gets in during sex — then, yeah, out it will come. This is entirely normal and it happens to lots of women — not just during orgasm but during intercourse generally.

On your own

Being a single male, 41, and having not had sex for over a year, my only means of sexual relief is masturbation, aided by Black Label Penthouse. The absence of free single available women causes this situation. What damage am I doing both sexually and psychologically by abstaining from intercourse?

That depends on how much it's bothering you. Basically, celibacy isn't harmful at all as long as it doesn't interfere with your daily life. Prolonged celibacy, if it's not a matter of choice, can sometimes create problems with your self esteem as regards to sex and women. It can also be frustrating and depressing, as many singles will testify. But it's a lot safer, in the days of AIDS, herpes and hepatitis-B, than sleeping with strangers just to get laid.

There are plenty of single women — of all ages — around who say they have the same problem as you. The difficulty for singles in their late thirties and forties is that many of their long-term friends are married, often with families. This doesn't create an environment in which you can meet new people easily. You perhaps need to be more active about getting out and about and meeting people. You don't have to go to a dating agency — there are



that never the twain shall meet. I suggest you take a serious and long-term interest in yoga, which encourages physical flexibility. Good luck.

Shrinking dick

I have a problem — penis size. Is there anything you can do or take to enlarge your penis? I used to have a large penis but over time, with sex, it has shrunk in size and thickness. I am very worried because I am only 22 years old. Sometimes I find it very hard to satisfy my girlfriend and it really is depressing me and turning me off sex. Have you any suggestion, or any remedy, which I can fol-

low or take to enlarge my penis size?

How much has it shrunk? I mean, if it's shrunk from seven inches to three when erect, get thee to a doctor, mate. But you say it's shrunk "with sex." You say it is hard to satisfy your girlfriend. You say you are feeling depressed and turned off. Fact: erections are not all absolutely identical in size. The more turned on you are, the bigger, harder and thicker they tend to be. So if you are not very turned on, then your erections might not be as full as they once were.

Sex can be wildly exciting when two people first meet, but that initial surge of lust often simmers down after a while. Sex is a dynamic thing — you need to keep exploring to keep the blood up. So your problem is most likely that you are suffering from a lack of stimuli. Worrying about it and being depressed will only make things worse.

Men are perpetually asking for ways to enlarge their dicks. There aren't any gadgets, pills or potions that will do it (although certain ads will claim to be able to do this. Don't believe them). Basically, the performance of your dick is a reflection of your state of mind. Your mind is where horniness begins. Your mind is where you need to look, to fix your problem.

Clothes on

I am sexually frustrated at the moment. I have been rejected by most girls that interest me. Reasons given have been that I'm too polite. That's okay, although it hurts. I no longer am actively seeking a relation-

ship with a woman. However, I need some sort of sexual outlet, otherwise I will go crazy. I try to occupy myself with other interests, but eventually my thoughts return to sex.

You see, I am really turned on by women in sexy underwear (not G-strings). Nudity also arouses me and that is why I subscribe to Penthouse. However, without seeing girls in their undies, I don't get as excited. Nudity leaves nothing to the imagination and it is like sex without the foreplay or a striptease without the tease.

This taste of mine borders on a fetish. It is probably unfair of me to ask for more pictorials of women in "grundies." I guess most guys buy the mag to see these "hot" pictorials. Could you recommend any publications which cater for my lust for lingerie?

You don't say which edition of Penthouse you read. Since you are a subscriber, I assume it's the Black Label, which is the most explicit one. The State edition, on the other hand, is softer (because of censorship) and although the same girl often appear in both, those in the State edition often wear more clothes. If that's still too hot for you, try the women's fashion magazines such as Cosmo and Vogue. They often have lingerie features, or lingerie advertisements which are sexy but not explicit.

However, whether in Penthouse or in fashion mags, you'll rarely, if ever, find the models clothed in "grundies." It's the nature of erotic and fashion photography to dress the models in flattering, sexy and often very expensive gear.

You don't say how old you are, but you say you've been "rejected by most girls" who interest you, and you appear to have given up the ghost. That's a pity. There are plenty of women who appreciate politeness. Try to be a bit more positive!

G-block

My girlfriend has a problem. She doesn't come during intercourse, although she does when I go down. I've tried to find her G-spot, to fix this problem, but she says she doesn't know if she has one. She doesn't seem to have one. I can't see how she can enjoy intercourse if she doesn't come. I don't want to have to go down every time we have sex. I've suggested she see a doctor about it, to find out what's wrong, but she won't.

No, and she doesn't have to, either. There's nothing wrong with her. A sizeable proportion of women only ever experience clitoral orgasm. The vagina itself isn't well supplied with nerve-endings, and for good reason — some pretty radical things happen to the vagina when women give birth. The clitoris, on the other hand, contains a concentration of nerve endings. Of course women can enjoy themselves without actually coming during intercourse, although they usually want to come at some stage during the encounter.

The G-spot is contentious, and is considered by many experts to be a myth.

Your girlfriend sounds absolutely normal (and honest) to me. But if you consider going down on her an occasional, tedious duty rather than a sure-fire way to give her pleasure, then you need to do some serious thinking about your own approach to sex.

Man trouble

I'm 18 and I like sex and I want to try things out. But my boyfriend, who I've been seeing for a couple of months now, doesn't want to. I've read a lot about how much men like anal sex and how hot it is, but when I asked my boyfriend to do it to me he said, did I think he was a pooftee? He also won't come in my mouth. I want to drink every drop, like in the magazines, but he says he's embarrassed, and just can't come in my mouth. I've never done either of these things and am desperate to try. He's OK on different positions and

things like that, and he doesn't come too quick or anything. I don't want to leave him because I like him a lot. What do I do?

Have some patience. Some people are sexually less adventurous than others, or are shy. You say you've never done either of these things before. Has he? If he hasn't (and it sounds like he hasn't), then he might be nervous or worried about hurting you. There is also a pretty strong myth among men — especially sexually inexperienced men — that anything anal is taboo because it is suggestive of homosexuality. This isn't true, but learning that is part of the sexual self-discovery of each individual.

We get many letters from men who want to know how to "make" reluctant girlfriends do the things that they want, such as anal sex. I'll tell you the same thing I tell them. Sex is a matter of mutual enjoyment. You can't push someone to do something they don't want to do. To put pressure on your partner in this way will eventually spoil his enjoyment of the sex you do have, as he'll feel he's letting you down. Try, instead, to create an atmosphere of experimentation by starting a few steps back from where you ultimately want to go, rather than tackling him about it head-on. If he's self conscious, back off and try to put him at ease rather than just thinking about what you want. To give him the option of either fulfilling your demands or losing you is pretty selfish. Relax. Good sex takes time. ☺



FOXY LADIES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

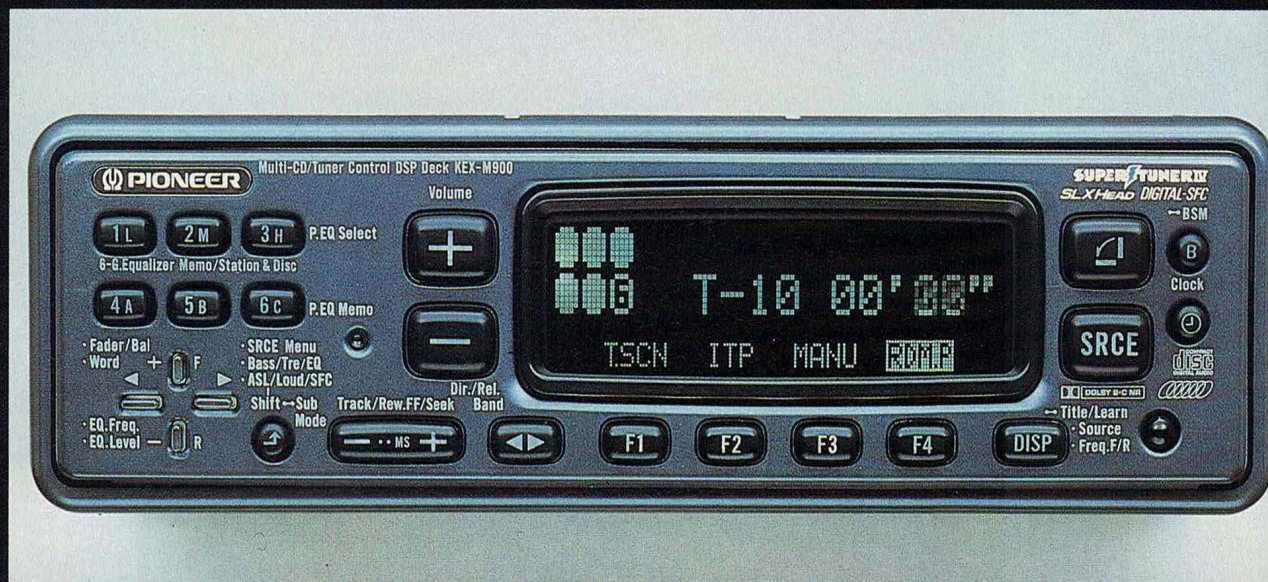
On their first fox hunt, two high-born ladies became distracted by how well the other filled out her jodhpurs, and they soon found themselves blazing a separate trail. "I think we might be lost," Tina said hopefully. "That's all right, Alison responded. "The hunting party will find us soon enough. In the meantime let's rest under these trees. All this riding makes me giddy."



While the weary steeds munched on grass, the frisky ladies busied themselves with another kind of horseplay, discovering interesting new ways to use a riding crop. The two straddled each other, their musky scent mingling with the fragrant sweat of their nearby four-legged companions. *There's nothing like a good roll in the hay*, thought Allison.







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Most of us aspire to owning the very best in car audio equipment. When you're on the road, good music delivered strong and crystal-clear makes driving a soothing pleasure. But when it comes to choosing a car audio, the range on the market is daunting and it's difficult to know where to start and how much to spend to achieve that ultimate sound. The state-of-the-art KEX-M900 system from Pioneer delivers that sought-after sound. With installation, the system is valued at \$5000, but this month, Pioneer's top-of-the-range audio can be all yours for nothing but the price of a stamp. For your chance to own the ultimate in car audio, simply scan the information overleaf, fill in the coupon and post it to *Penthouse*. Entries close Friday, January 24, 1992.

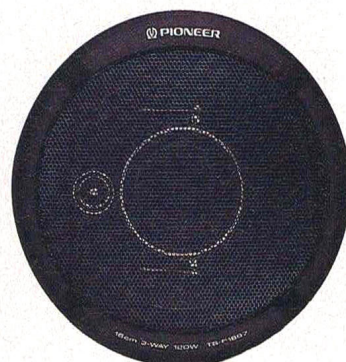
WIN

A \$5000 Pioneer Car Audio System

You may have thought that you'd heard it all, but Pioneer's new KEX-M900 is the most advanced car audio system yet created. The breakthrough is due to new technology known as "Digital Signal Processing" (DSP), which provides complete digital audio control and has changed forever the standard of performance we can expect from our car audio systems.

The DSP chip is tiny and its role is that of a high-speed, special-purpose micro-processor that allows the incorporation of a new realm of features where before there was inadequate space.

The "Digital Sound Field Control" (SFC) means you can transform your car into any one of four musical environments, depending on your mood. "Studio", "Jazz



Club", "Concert Hall" and "Stadium" are distinctly different sound atmospheres which bring a greater level of realism to your music, making it seem like you're actually in the venue with your favorite artist.

The system also includes a multi-play CD player, fully compatible with your Pioneer home system so you can swap your six-disc cartridges from home to car. You can

even program in the artist's name so it appears on the dot-matrix display whenever the disc is in use.

Even the radio in this system is at the cutting edge of technology. Called the "Supertuner IV", it can pick up more stations and hold them longer than any other tuner available. The "Best Stations Memory" (BSM) feature is one of the greatest breakthroughs for dedicated car radio listeners, saving time and adding to convenience wherever you happen to be. At one touch, the BSM will program in the six stations offering the strongest transmission signal, locking them in for you to choose from. So, no matter where you travel, it is easy to find good sound.

And for those worrying that CDs have made their cassette tapes obsolete, the Pioneer KEX-M900 provides for that, too. At one touch, the faceplate of the unit flips down to reveal a cassette deck with full-logic controls, auto-reverse, music search, and all the other features you have come to expect from Pioneer.

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Another innovative feature is the dot-matrix liquid quartz display which, with 2500 dots per LC window, allows

superb resolution and clarity, making the system easier to operate and more attractive.

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Your entry must be on the official coupon or a facsimile of that coupon. Only one entry per person is allowed and no cash alternative is offered for the prize.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia over the age of 18, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families.

Closing date for the competition is Friday, January 24, 1992. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming issue in the Loose Ends section. One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entrant will be the winner. On all questions, disputes and matters arising in relation to the competition, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions. The winner of the competition will be notified by telephone and mail.

The promoters, Pioneer and *Australian Penthouse*, shall be under no liability to the winning contestant for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to property caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided by or in pursuance of the *Australian Penthouse/Pioneer Competition* (including negligent acts or omissions).

Send completed coupon to *Penthouse/Pioneer Competition*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, 2062. Entries close Friday, January 24, 1992.

1. What feature allows you to protect your \$5000 Pioneer prize?

2. Name the four different sound fields Pioneer KEX-M900 allows you in your car.

3. What kind of display is featured on the Pioneer KEX-M900?

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HANK LONDONER

What was that dark streak that just flashed past your car? Was it a bird? A plane? No, just Alexis, our raven-haired 22-year-old nymph off on an invigorating bike ride through the countryside. "Every weekend I like to get away from the city smog, breathe in the country air and get the blood pumping," she enthuses. "I feel so tied down in the suburbs."

EASY RIDER

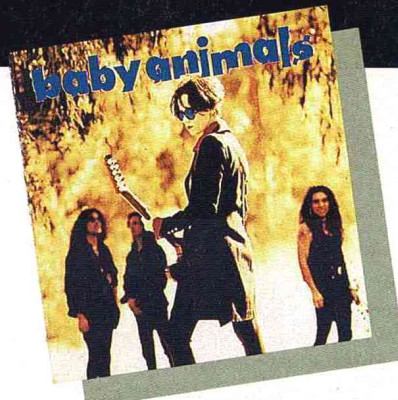
And if a bike ride gets her blood pumping, no doubt there are a few motorists out there having heart attacks when they see her fit form appearing in the rear-vision mirror. "A few weekends ago when I was out riding, my chain fell off. I pulled over, got off and bent down to put it back on, then heard a screech of brakes behind me. It turned out a driver had been concentrating more on me than the road and almost had a head-on with a milk truck!"







HEAVY METAL FEVER

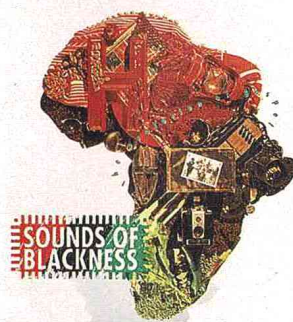


Rumbling, wild and sexy, *Baby Animals* (Imago) initial *Early Warning* squawk has proven to be no false alarm. As a unit these performers may be juvenile, but the assured, throaty growl of Suze DeMarchi and the proficiency of the guitar/bass/drum axis attest to a history of playing and living rock 'n' roll. Live, the band carry it all off with a good-natured swagger and a smattering of Led Zeppelin and Hendrix. On disc they stray slightly from the rigid strictures of pub rock ("Make It End"). A self-professed "bush pig", De Marchi offers much more than that on stage (visually and aurally) and is the perfect foil for the heavy-metal cartoon tendencies of the three lads. Something of a frenzied riffing climax is achieved in tunes like "Waste Of Time" and "One Too Many", and DeMarchi rides this wave of energy with a characteristic head toss and generally defiant stance. "If all you want is a little piece of arse... you'll get your fingers burned, you'll get what you deserve." Theirs is a style that cries out for anthems to complement their attitude, presence, and chops. So far, you get the feeling DeMarchi (writing with various combinations of band members) is mining past relationships where the creed was: take no crap or prisoners. Having exorcised these demons, their song-writing hopefully will grow to fill the space appropriate to the noise they make.

It's been a few years since *The Banshees* grouped for a studio wail and they show no debilitating sense of *Superstition* (Polydor) that it is their 13th year of recording. They exude less sense of robust rough-and-tumble than the fledgling Animals, but vocalist Siouxsie Sioux, always a striking figure, has continued refining her distant, sensual glamor — more taciturn than coy. She is joined by

long-time colleagues Steve Severin (guitar) and Budgie (percussion). Opening with cello string lines that George Martin would be proud of in the basic Hindu-hip-hop-boogaloo "Kiss Them For Me", they proceed with a thundering attitude that goes from ethereal to the primal, with its energy (if not style) rooted in their days as young art punks.

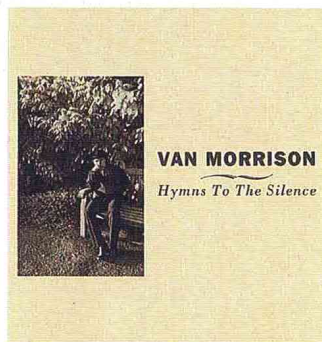
Robert Smith, who toured here as a Banshee, has more importantly been the voice of *The Cure*. A long-playing video, *Staring At The Sea. The Images (Fiction)* from these self-proclaimed panaceans, with an extensive array of clips (1978/86) and added live images, has all the feel of a browse through a voluminous album of personal memor-



abilia. It ranges from early scenes as young daps with guitars playing in a shopping mall, through serious dead-pan days to contact with a wider radio audience (1982's "Let's Go To Bed") and consequent reinvention as idiosyncratic pranksters.

Van Morrison also delivers a sense of historical perspective on his latest (and double) brace of *Hymns To The Silence* (Polydor). Since he was one of Them extolling the virtues of "Gloria", Morrison has happily tagged himself the "Belfast Cowboy", which doesn't fully explain his mix of country, soul, blues, jazz and Celtic sensibilities. The moody stillness of "Hyndford Street", where you could "feel the silence at half-past 11 on long summer nights when the wireless played Radio Luxembourg," is regaled

in his mild brogue, as are "jazz and blues records during the day", Debussy in the morning when "contemplation is best" and ice-creams "in the days before rock 'n' roll." There is nothing maudlin about this set, which leans heavily on the gentler side of jazz-blues-country.



The **Sounds of Blackness**, originally convened two decades ago, are a large conglomerate of singers and musicians intent on purveying all styles of African-American music. *The Evolution Of Gospel* (A&M) is a pretty expansive working brief and these 42 singers and 20 musicians run the gamut of choral big-sings ("Hallelujah Lord!"), funky drum programming, big ballads ("We Give You Thanks"), and big-band grooves. The sound is huge but the pieces tend to become a catalogue of 101 ways to say "Thank You — Praise The Lord."

Keith Urban (EMI) trying to play down his country roots is like Santa Claus pretending Christmas doesn't exist. At 23 he's already done the local country rounds so, for a new slant on an old twang, he put himself in the rock 'n' roll hands of producer Peter Blyton (Choir Boys). Consequently he shows all the heavy-metal funk tendencies of Fleetwood Mac ("Only You") and The Eagles ("Yesterday"). Urban (his real name) is apparently off to spend more time in Tennessee where it is assumed he will feel nothing like the proverbial axolotl out of its tank.

The **Ray Parker Jr** of *I Love You Like You Are* (MCA) is as smooth as a baby's bottom and capable of producing the same sort of substance. He's probably a lovely guy at home but his semi-seductive tones give the notion of an ageing sleazebag. — *Jeremy Cook* 

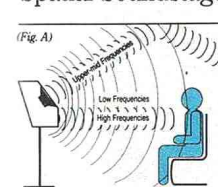
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FIG. C.

LONGEST DAY

Continued from page 82

would be quickest, falls to the Nissan — no surprise to anyone who has seen the GT-Rs blow away the opposition Down Under. The Audi is next, followed by the factory BMWs. Delcourt/Moore/Haugg in the Omega are tenth. We're 32nd.

Every driver is obliged to do a few laps in the dark, a difficult assignment for those not entirely sure where all the corners were in daylight. Blinding lights on high beam and manic drivers add to the general concern. I've done maybe 20 laps of practice and blisters are appearing on my right hand. I trundle off to the medical centre where a doc assures me I'm in good hands. "I taped up Ayrton Senna's hands for the Belgian Grand Prix," he announces proudly. He skilfully places some protection on the blisters. But, despite the connection with Senna, I don't go much faster in the next session.

My team graciously offers me the opportunity to start the race. I decline. Owner Visconti, the man with much invested in this race, should take the green.

It's 4pm, Saturday: the Nissan blasts to the front from the outset, never to be headed. Bye Emanuele Pirro, bye BMW. Visconti moves handily from the middle of the field up to 18th by the time he hands over to me after two hours. Looking good. My first shift is 6-8pm. Daylight. Everything goes well until late in my stint. As the Porsche howls into Eau Rouge, doing, I guess, close to 200km/h, I have my first brush with disaster. Now, Eau Rouge is not so much a corner but a left/right/left with a huge dip between the first two directional changes. It's a strip of road that grabs and keeps your attention.

I'm steeling myself for the dab on the brake pedal when I notice a car emerging slowly from pit lane slap bang on my bloody racing line. Fuuuuuck! I give the brake pedal a solid thump, swing left out around the tortoise and then wrench the wheel right. The Porsche, tail-heavy as it is, does not like savage directional shifts. It's out in the marbles (the dusty, debris-strewn part of the track away from the racing line) and sliding towards the steel barrier. I straighten the wheel gently and the tail comes back. I'm doing maybe 160 now and I miss the wall by, jeez, at least 15 centimetres. Next time around, my lap board shows I lost no time at all. What it doesn't reveal is how many years that moment took from my life.

We're 13th as the clock crawls past 8pm. Then tenth, and later we move as high as eighth. My back is killing me — the seat is designed for a sumo wrestler and I'm sliding around like Torvill and Dean. I head off to the medical centre for a massage and promise the physio I'll be seeing him again and often.

My first night-time stint (10pm to midnight) is largely uneventful except that three seconds have been added to my lap times. The experienced guys don't drop even a fraction of a second but I'm still not absolutely sure where all the corners should be.

The driving standards vary madly. The pros are belting along at ten-tenths as usual, but with little risk. But some of the young braves are frightening to be around, all locked brakes and wide eyes and lurid lines. The Porsche is proving to be a little gem. Brakes are astonishingly good and the engine is roaring enthusiastically.

I'm back in for my second blast in the dark when, suddenly, out on the back part of the circuit among the pine trees ... nothing. I coast to a halt, swearing gently. I turn the key: ignition is strong and the engine is turning over. But the fuel pressure gauge suggests trouble. I flick over to the spare. Still nothing. Maybe it's the black box. There's a back-up under the seat. It's pitch black out there, but I know the mechanics have taped a torch to the cage, along with some basic tools. I fumble around in the blackness.

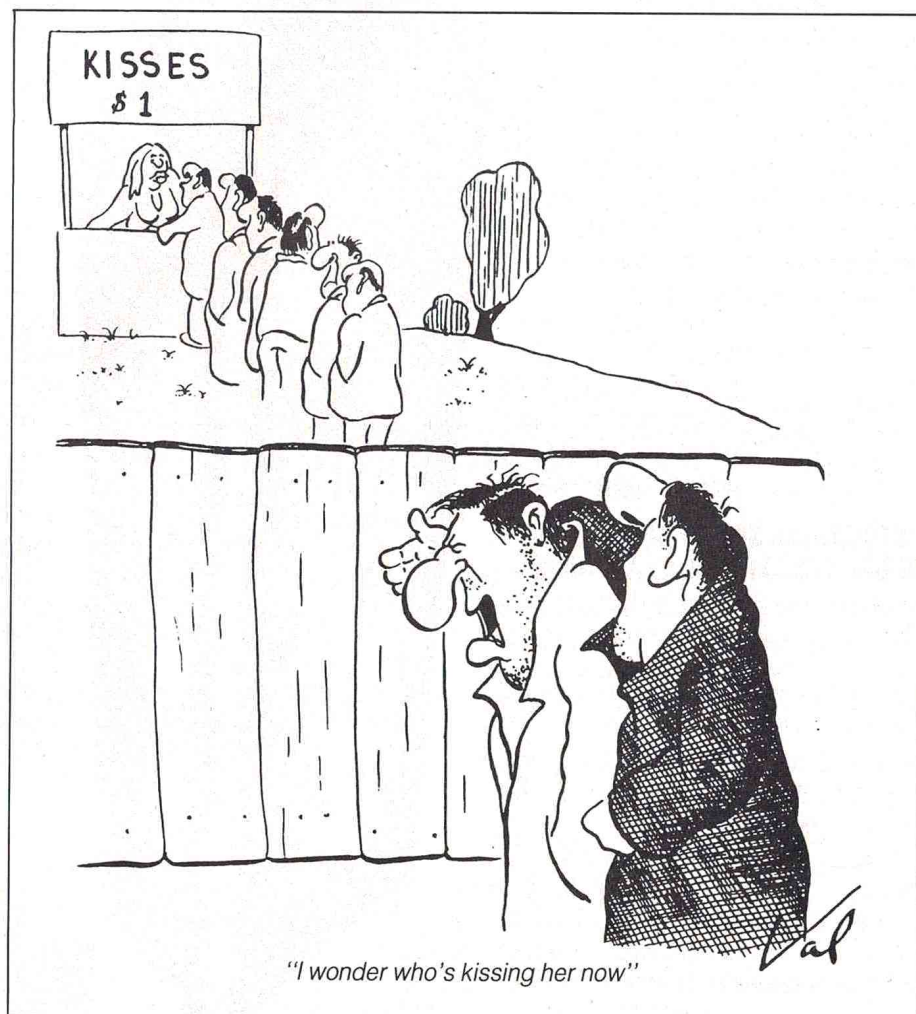
And when I find it, it doesn't matter. The car refuses to go. It's all over after ten-and-a-bit hours. I cadge a lift back to the pits on a motorcycle and tell the lads the bad news. They take it well and head for the all-night bars.

I learn that buddy Graham Moore's race

is over too. The Opel has succumbed to a series of driveline problems. Crashes and mechanical failures have eliminated 20 cars by half distance. But the Nissan is still up there, and many of the M3s have already wilted.

In the end it is a massacre. The BMWs are, like those German tanks of nearly 50 years ago, beaten favorites. Few make it to the finish, and they are way back. Nissan, in a mere scouting expedition, annihilates the European opposition. It took pole, led every lap, and now it cruises home, remarkably, 21 laps (or 150km) ahead of its nearest rival, a Porsche 911 Carrera II. Sure, the unstoppable Nissan experienced some brake problems early and then lost third gear near the end, but it never slowed down. It covered 517 laps during the 24-hour grind — 3567km. It's nice that an Aussie, David Brabham, is part of the winning driving team. And he has made a solid contribution.

Porsches fill second to fifth, with another Nissan, the near-standard Group N machine, in sixth. Olofsson, the pole winner, also set the fastest lap of the race, a new touring car record. For all I know, he may have won the corner marshall's chook raffle as well. But for our little Porsche team, the pain is tangible. Had that silly fuel pump not packed up, and had we held our relativity to others around us, we would have finished fourth. Next year, maybe. O—



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ROW IN HEATHROW

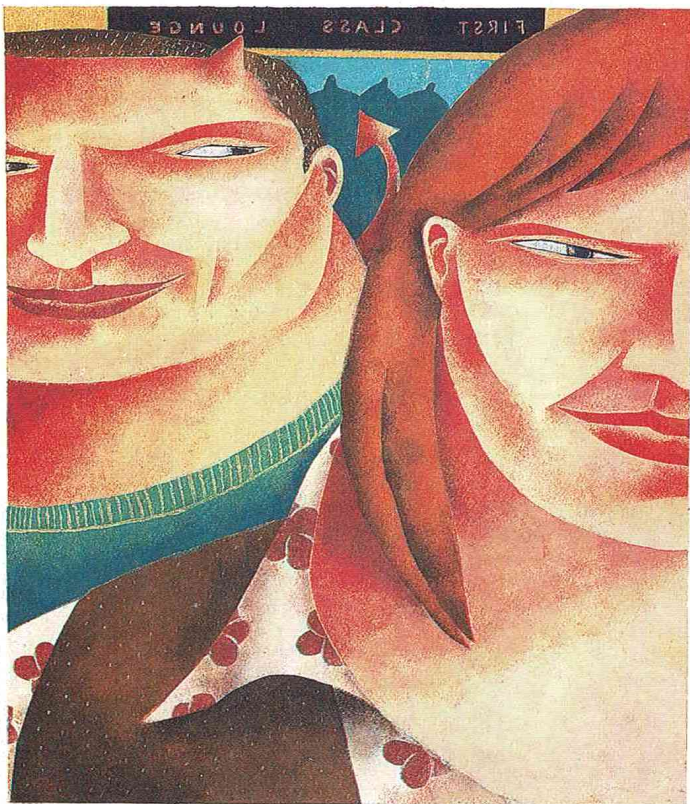
Some people get excited by a stiff drink. Some people are so horny that the crack of dawn gives them a hard-on. As for me, I get sex-crazed in airports.

Air terminals excite me. Or rather, they put me in a dangerous, rogue-male mood. There is something about travelling in and of itself that is sexually suggestive. You have slipped the leash of convention, shrugged off the shackles of home. You are free. The poor human libido, strapped in by conscious and sub-conscious patterns of repression, needs just a hint, and airport terminals reek of it.

For one thing, airports are filled with flight personnel, including what we now call flight attendants but who used to be known as stewardesses. There is something inherently randy about a stewardess. Sailors have the same reputation for ready-when-you-are sex. I've dated dozens of stewardesses, even married one, and no matter how much they deny it, they are randier than the average population.

Again, this is probably because stewardesses are on the move so much. Women and men both who stay in one place build up around them a network of friends and family, who act as natural inhibitors for socially unsanctioned behaviour — like fucking freely. Homebodies toe the line. They have a routine — store, work, home. They don't have as much chance to slip off and indulge in screaming banshee sex as do inveterate travellers.

Which is why I've always had better luck than usual scoring in airports. During those interminable delays while you are waiting for a



flight connection to Timbuktu or some other bumfuck-nowhere destination, what better way to while away the time than to see if you can get lucky? There are hundreds of stranded, lonely travellers just like you. Airports are like vast singles bars, unexploited meat markets where the travelling hedonist has a banquet choice of possibilities.

There are a lot of rich hunting grounds in airports. Surprisingly, I've had very good luck striking up conversations at baggage carousels, waiting for luggage to come through. Steer clear of anyone who is surrounded by family and friends, position yourself next to the lonely lady with the big bag, offer assistance — and you could be in like Flint.

Airport bars are another great place to meet women, if for the obvious reason that alcohol greases the skids of conversation. You just may

find you both have a six-hour wait for a plane to Hong Kong — and what better way to pass those six useless hours than by playing hide the sausage?

But by far the best place I've found for getting laid in airports are the first-class travel lounges. Each major airline has one of these located in every major airport. They are a way of separating yourself off from the hoi polloi, marking yourself as a sophisticated, cultured traveller. They are also a way to meet stunning women.

I recently missed a connection in Heathrow, London's ageing sprawling airport terminal. I was staring at a seven-hour delay — just short enough to make the trip back into town not worthwhile, and too long to do anything other than climb the walls. Morosely, I made my way to the Ambassador Club, TWA's first-class lounge. I was wide

awake from jetlag and bereft of all luggage except a small carry-on. I couldn't imagine what I was going to do with myself for the next half day.

I found out as soon as I stepped into the hushed precincts of the Club. It was relatively empty, and there, sitting alone on a huge grey couch, was an extremely interesting looking woman. I won't say she was stunning, just pretty — but she had an intelligent look to her face that intrigued me. I decided the direct approach would be best. Although, as I said, the lounge was deserted, I walked up and sat down right next to her.

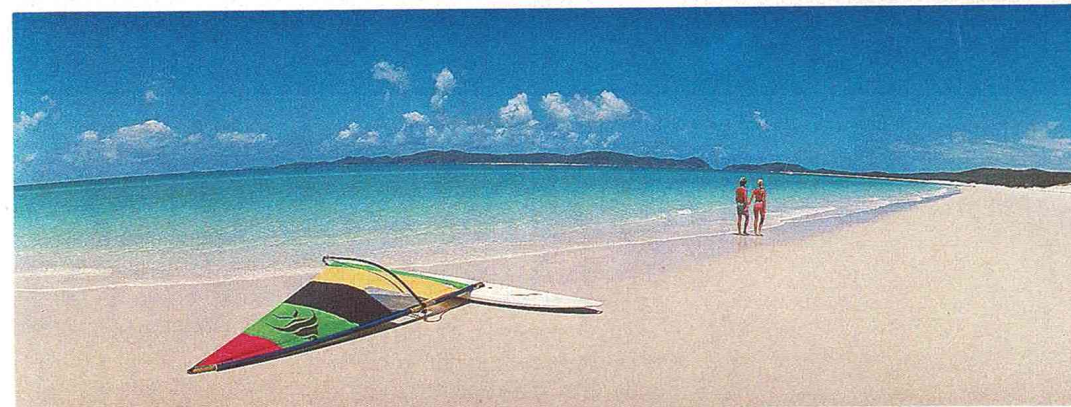
"Maybe you could help me," I told her, trying to keep my eyes off her breasts, which were the size of milking bowls. "I've got a half-day wait here and I am bored out of my skull. I thought maybe you and I could have dinner, talk with one another, no hustle, I'm not trying to get you into bed. You look like an interesting person and maybe we could help each other, make the time fly by."

It worked. She needed a little more convincing, but

"Airports are like vast singles bars, with a banquet choice of possibilities."

pretty soon we were ensconced in the best restaurant in Heathrow, trading life stories. I don't need to tell you that I lied — I was trying to get her into bed. But I feel I paid the penalty for my dishonesty, since because of her I missed my flight once again. Then again, we were too busy fucking to worry about flying. 

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BRAND GENV 0001D

SKIN TRADE

Continued from page 41

Recently a hotline was set up to receive information from the public regarding illegal trappings. The number is (008) 025691.

THE SMUGGLERS

Operation Iceman is the greatest blow struck to date by the Australian Customs and Quarantine services against syndicates trafficking illegally in native fauna. It led to the busting of an Australian Mr Big and two couriers acting for an Asian syndicate with connections to buyers in West Germany.

It started with the arrest in July 1988 of a Canadian national, Randall McBride, attempting to board a flight to New Zealand. Concealed in his luggage were 37 live native Australian birds, contained in PVC tubing cut to length. As a result of further inquiries the offender was also charged with importing 11 exotic birds into Australia from Bangkok two days prior to his arrest. Subsequently the offender pleaded guilty to both charges and was sentenced to three years' jail.

A related Customs surveillance operation at Sydney Airport three months later detected an Australian citizen, Anthony Somerville, from the NSW town of Orange, removing two distinctive suitcases from a car. He handed the bags to a West German man, Horst Selig, who then attempted to board a flight to Bangkok. Selig was detained and then arrested after an examination of the suitcases revealed 27 live native Australian birds and 11 live reptiles. The birds were contained in PVC tubing cut to length and the reptiles were inside socks. He was found to be travelling on a stolen passport, and was sentenced to two years' jail after pleading guilty to passport and wildlife exporting charges.

Somerville was arrested at Sydney airport the next day while attempting to board a flight to Bangkok himself. Following his arrest, Customs investigators searched two premises owned by him in Orange. At his residence they found a cleverly concealed cellar which had been set up as an area for the preparation of birds for export and possible receipt and unpacking of illegally imported fauna. The cellar was fitted out with cages, infra-red lights to pacify the captive birds and stainless steel benches, tools, drugs and syringes.

After being released on bail of \$30,000, Somerville illegally absconded from Australia, probably by small craft from Thursday Island. In February 1989 he was arrested by Indonesian Police in Irian Jaya for travelling without a valid passport or visa. He was returned to Australia by Indonesian authorities in May 1989 and was sentenced to two years' jail after

pleading guilty to being knowingly concerned in the commission of offences by the Canadian and the West German.

But events in late 1989 led Customs investigators to believe the same overseas syndicate had quickly re-established another Australian-based supplier of fauna. In October 1989 a West German national, Hans Norbert Ottersbach, was arrested at Sydney Airport attempting to board a flight to Singapore. Concealed in his luggage were 26 live native Australian birds contained in wire cylinders. Ottersbach was charged with illegally exporting wildlife and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. He served only 12 months before returning to Germany in October 1990.

In November 1989, another West German national was arrested at Sydney Airport after arriving on a flight from Singapore. Concealed in his jacket were four live exotic birds. This person was travelling on a stolen West German passport. Subsequently he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to a total of three years' and two months' jail on importing, quarantine and passport offences. And in December 1989 two West German nationals were arrested at Sydney Airport after arriving on a flight from Bangkok. Concealed on the body of one were two bird's eggs held in a make-shift nappy. In a stereo loudspeaker in the luggage of the other man were four baby exotic birds. Both these men pleaded guilty and then were released, having spent three months each in prison on remand.

THE EXPERT

Graeme Gow is one of Australia's foremost snake experts as well as being the owner of the country's largest private native reptile collection, housed in the Northern Territory. He says: "I'm having reptiles, especially non-poisonous snakes like carpets, olive and blackhead pythons, knocked off on a regular basis. The thieves' most recent haul included a substantial number of rare lizards and several valuable pythons." In 1989 he lost 13 juvenile frillneck lizards in one go and the following year another six, numerous skinks and some 25 snakes, all told.

"Both myself and another reptile park owner, Joe Bredl of Renmark, South Australia, are the hardest hit of all zoos in Australia, primarily because we are the largest breeders of reptiles in the country," says Gow. He believes that "one particular group of thieves has programmed itself to know when we'll have our largest numbers of juvenile stock. They are real pros, and to date have created diversions in my park while I am exhibiting, broken open locked and bolted cages in broad daylight, and to top it off have even had the audacity (or stupidity) to steal from the death adder tanks."

After 30 years in the business, Gow is no fool when it comes to snakes. He is one of

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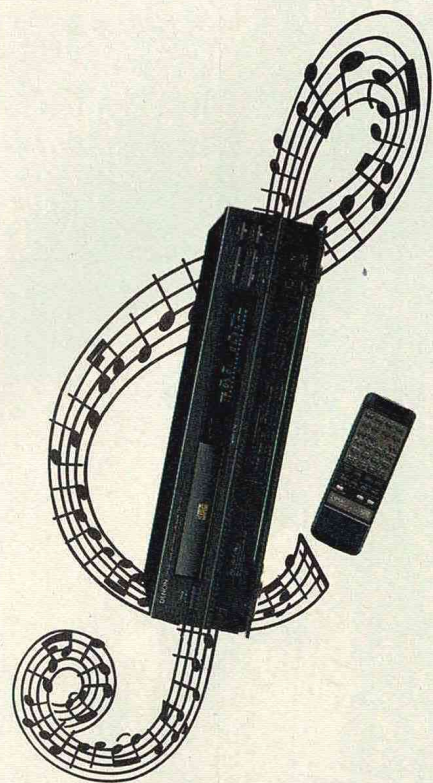
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SKIN TRADE

the most respected men in his field. He says he knows for sure that there is a thriving illicit trade in reptiles from the Northern Territory because the Conservation Commission, the police, Customs and the NPWS regularly use him as a consultant to identify species. As recently as last year he was called upon to identify species for a Victorian case involving the illegal possession of snakes. Ironically, one of the snakes in question was originally Gow's, stolen in a raid on his park some years before.

Gow offers one final warning to those who have any ideas of using his park as a free-for-all pet shop: "Heaven help anybody I catch from now on, for I can promise that they will 'accidentally' end up head first in the inland taipan's cage. It's the deadliest animal in the world, and I'm the only man alive to have survived its wrath."

THE PIRATES

While organised criminals rape the Australian mainland for native fauna, Indonesian pirates are raiding our vast northern coastline. And they've forced the Australian authorities to mount the biggest surveillance operation ever staged along this isolated frontier.

It is no easy job patrolling the thousands of kilometres of sparsely-populated coastline. A solo New Zealand canoeist recently spent three months rounding the top of Australia and reported sighting numerous Coastwatch aircraft. They never once spotted him.

However, the new surveillance armada and a rejuvenated Coastwatch service have apprehended record numbers of foreign fishing vessels found gill-net fishing within the Australian Fishing Zone. Their quarry is shark, which is caught for its fins for use in shark fin soup.

Gill-net fishing by foreign boats has been banned in Australian waters since April 1987 because of the number of dolphins which were being inadvertently killed when entangled in the long nets. A number of dolphins have been found aboard apprehended vessels.

A typical operation in March this year saw five RAN patrol boats converge on the Arafura Sea from Darwin and Cairns. More than 120 men were aboard the patrol boats *HMAS Gladstone*, *HMAS Dubbo*, *HMAS Wollongong*, *HMAS Geelong*, and *HMAS Bendigo*, backed up by Coastwatch aircraft and fisheries officers in three of their own patrol boats.

HMAS Dubbo was twice forced to fire warning shots ahead of foreign fishing vessels. At the time she was rounding up 11 boats spread over 70 nautical miles, and two of the intruders had sought to slip through the net before the *Dubbo* intercepted them. Commanding Officer LCDR Bob Heginbottom later reported firing the

bridge rifle across their bows "to get their attention."

The 11 boats were taken under armed escort to Darwin. The Cairns-based *HMAS Gladstone* had 15 boats under escort while the *HMAS Geelong* took care of another five.

The Indonesian boats began appearing off the northern coast in 1984. Since then 181 boats have been apprehended and 2088 crewmembers brought before Australian courts. The problem of what to do with offenders has plagued authorities ever since. Most of the Indonesian fishermen are virtually penniless. Repeat offenders are now being jailed, but earn more money in Australian prisons than they can at home or on the high seas.

The most effective sanction has been to impound and destroy their craft and deport them at Australian taxpayers' expense. Of the 181 boats apprehended since 1984, 154 have been burned. Crew members are invariably deported to face a second penalty back home. The boats, when fully equipped, are worth around \$5000 each, and when the skippers arrive back in Indonesia they are bound under law to repay the value of the boat to its owner or face jail.

THE TRAPPERS

Somewhere in the world a trap shuts on an animal every second. Trapping is indiscriminate — for every target animal trapped, an average of 1.3 non-targeted (trash animals) are also caught, representing some 52 million wasted animals a year.

Commercial trapping exists purely and simply for the sake of luxury items such as furs. The rarest pelts command the highest prices, thus subjecting the most endangered animals to the most intense trapping pressures. During the Twenties in Australia the demand for koala pelts was so great that the animal was almost exterminated. In less than three years, professional trappers skinned one million koalas and four million possums for their pelts. It was only a fashion change that inadvertently brought about the redemption of the animals from final extinction.

Trapping animals of any sort requires two things: a device of some sort, possibly employing bait or a decoy, and a knowledge of the intended fauna together with an understanding of animal psychology. A trapper can set any number of traps for a particular animal but unless he has intimate knowledge of the animal's feeding patterns, its habitat and where to find it, he is likely to catch nothing.

There are as many ways to trap animals as there are trappers. The trapper is the first link in the complicated chain between the poaching of wildlife and the arrival of animals in the wealthy collectors' aviaries and private zoos. Although the trapper is often an excellent field naturalist, he has a

Continued on page 128

JUST

Bruce was Joe's friend.
 He'd blown in from the blue, just back from the States after years away, and though Joe was put out he hadn't said anything. Problem was, Bruce was so different. Joe's friends were normally so straight and respectable, whereas there was something wild and irreverent about Bruce. Married life with Joe was comfortable — boring too.

GOOD FRIENDS

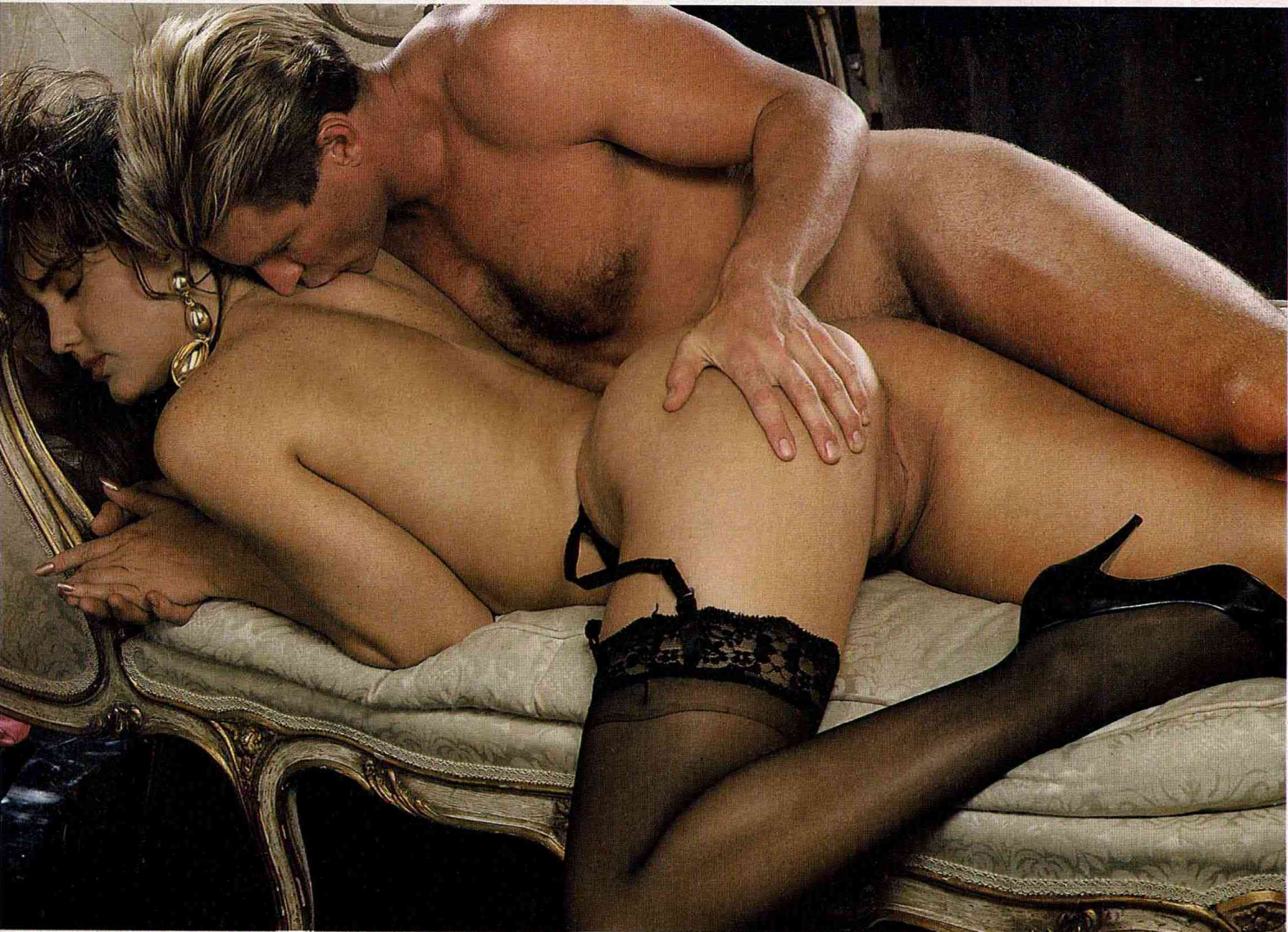
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SUZE RANDALL





Denise had been waiting for the weekend to finish, waiting for Joe to go to the office. What for, she didn't know, but her body tingled with anticipation. On Monday Joe had left early for work as usual, before she'd even climbed out of bed. Later, as she was getting dressed, the bedroom door swung open and Bruce stepped casually into the room.







No words were spoken, nor were they needed. His hungry eyes said it all. His hands caressed her taut skin, tracing the curves of her body, and her desire responded with a passion she'd not felt for years. "I want you," she pleaded as he stroked her gently. "Give me everything you've got!" Bruce was only too happy to oblige. After all, what are friends for?





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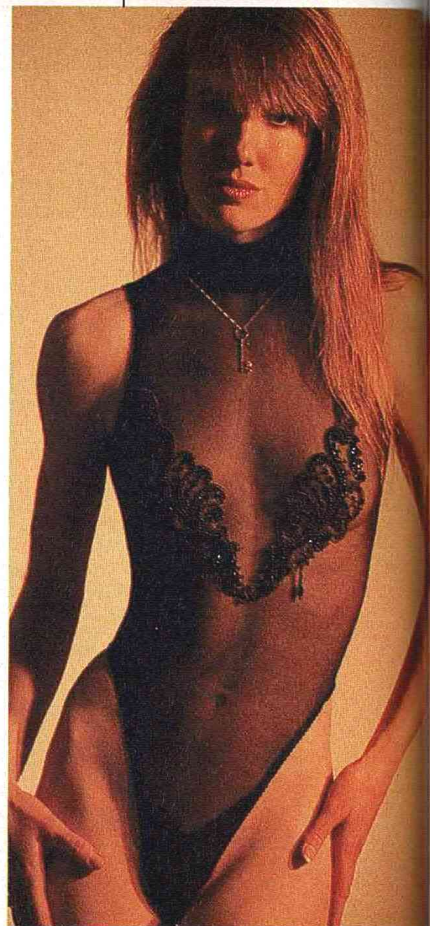
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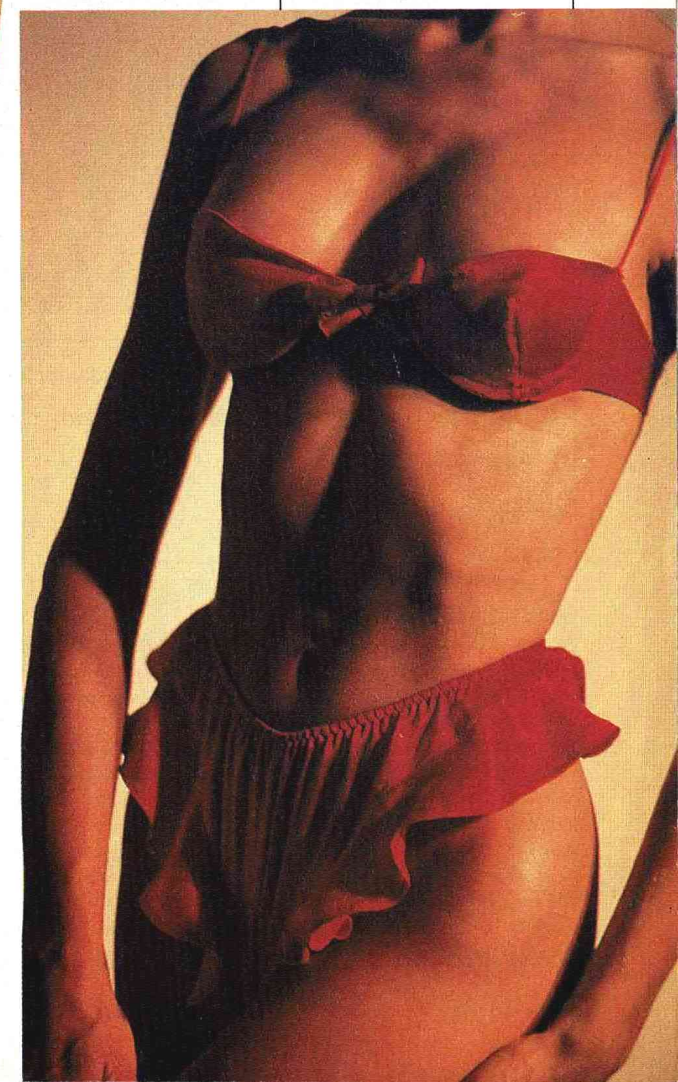


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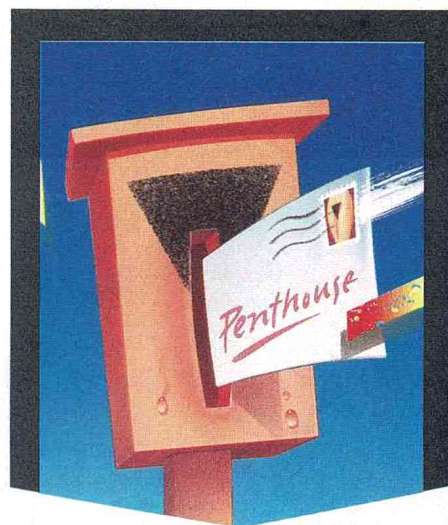
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forum

Continued from page 8

friends with the teacher. What more could you wish for? — *Name and address withheld*

Second job

I am a Chinese-American businesswoman married to a Navy officer. One night when my husband had the overnight watch, two of the men I work with asked if I wanted to go out and get a couple of drinks with them after work. With my husband gone for the night, I agreed.

After hitting a few clubs, I was getting a nice buzz from all the wine I had been drinking. We passed one club that had a big gang of men lined up at the door. I asked José and Brad what club this was, and they looked a little embarrassed. They finally told me that it was a strip joint. I was intrigued and asked them to escort me in.

We went in and sat at a table near the stage. It was really beginning to turn me on, watching the way the guys were responding to the nude women dancing up on the stage. After a few minutes, a well-dressed man came over to the table where we were sitting. He introduced himself as the club's owner and ordered another round of drinks for us. He asked me how I liked the show, and I told him it was really hot. Then he dropped his bombshell: he asked me if I would like to audition for his club. He wanted me to go on stage after the dancer was done with her set.

Of course I became flushed with embarrassment and said I couldn't. But José and Brad really encouraged me to do so. The owner, Frank, told me I was a real beauty and that it would be a big novelty to have a hot Asian lady dancing at his club. I began to waver under the encouragement I was receiving from the three men at my table. Finally, I said, "Okay, sure. Where can I change?" Frank got up and led me to a room behind the bar where he told me I could leave my clothes while I was on stage. He shut the door behind me and told me I would be on in five minutes.

As I began to undress, I was still hesitant about what I was about to do. What would José and Brad think of me now? Would I still be able to maintain a business relationship with them now that they had seen me dancing naked before a roomful of horny men? I was still nervous as I slid my black slip over my naked body and strapped on my black three-inch heels. As I strode out of the dressing room, I heard my name announced over the club's loudspeakers. In a flash I was on stage, reaching down to pull my slip off.

I strutted about the stage, shaking my tits and arse in time to the music. I could see that my friends were really turned on by the show. I went over to where they were sitting and turned around, bending over at the waist to give them a good view of my pussy and backside. It wasn't long before a line of guys appeared at the edge of the stage to give me tips. I found out that if a guy gives you a tip, you're supposed to put on a little extra close-up show for them.

My long black hair swung around my naked shoulders as I revelled in the freedom my dancing was giving me. My pussy was dripping by the time I put my slip back over my body and strutted back to where Brad and José were sitting. I bent over so they could see down my slip and asked them if they liked my performance. Of course, they did. I went back into the dressing room and put my business suit back on. Frank wanted to put me on the regular schedule of dancers, but I told him I would let him know. We left the club and went our separate ways.

A few days later at work, Brad confessed that he had been so turned on by finally seeing my body that he just had to tell all the other guys at work about it. I told him it was okay, and that I would definitely keep him informed as to when I would be dancing at the club again. I said that he and the other guys were more than welcome to come catch the show. Since then, I set aside one night a week for my sensual striptease at the club. My husband has guard duty on the nights I go out dancing, but if he ever gets off early, maybe he'll join all the other guys from my office in watching me show off my tits and arse. — *Name and address withheld*

Tempting tickles

Upon reading the latest "Forum" letters I felt compelled to relate a certain story to you. I have been married almost 12 years and my wife and I have always enjoyed our sex life together. We have tried the usual positions as well as the not so usual, including anal sex, and believed that the pleasures that could be found in all types of love-making had already been hit upon. That is, until a brainwave hit me one day as I repaired a tear in my barefoot wetsuit.

It was while cutting different strips of neoprene to fix the tear, and having just finished reading my latest Black Label

edition of *Penthouse* and feeling more than a little horny, that a certain idea came into view. What if I cut out of the various thicknesses of neoprene some ticklers, the sort of thing used by some Amazon tribesmen? So I set about cutting all sorts of shapes and sizes, with a hole in the middle to allow the head of my dick to just fit through. After making about ten different ones, I waited until the kids were in bed to try out my new gadgets.

After pulling one of the ticklers on to my by now rock-hard dick, I went and surprised my wife by walking into the loungeroom wearing nothing but a star shaped brown tickler just behind the engorged knob of my dick. She laughed at the sight at first, then smiled and slowly started to lick my goonies and run her tongue over my shaft. I removed her clothes and we proceeded to lick each other in a 69 position, until she cried out for me to hurry up and plunge my dick and tickler into her steaming hot cunt.

I turned her over, lifted her legs up and put a pillow under her tight little arse, exposing that hungry wet pink pussy to my throbbing pole. I positioned myself between her legs and rubbed some of her love juice on to the neoprene tickler, then slowly inserted it into her hole.

The sensation was unbelievable, and my wife came at the first slow thrust as the tickler drove into her. My dick was just about bursting by now, but the tight sen-

sation around my knob allowed me to delay. I pulled out and soaked the wet neoprene in the warm tea my wife had been drinking and, ever so slowly, reinserted it in her now gaping cunt. My wife let out a gasp of delight as the soft neoprene, warmed and wet, slowly rubbed every corner of her pink insides, and she came in another back-arching orgasm as the tickler worked on her G-spot and clit every time I withdrew and then thrust back into her.

It was all I could handle and my aching dick couldn't hold back any longer, so I let go and blew my load in great squirts as my balls fought against the constriction at the end of my dick. I removed the tickler and my wife sucked the last pearly drops from my limp dick, which brought it back to life once more. But her pussy had had it for the time being, so she gave me an incredible head job instead in reward for the terrific sensations she was still having down below.

Since then we have tried all sorts of shapes with different results, but all most enjoyable. Now, every time I put my wetsuit on it brings a sly smile to my wife's face, then to mine as I realise why. — *Name and address withheld*

Dangling a carrot

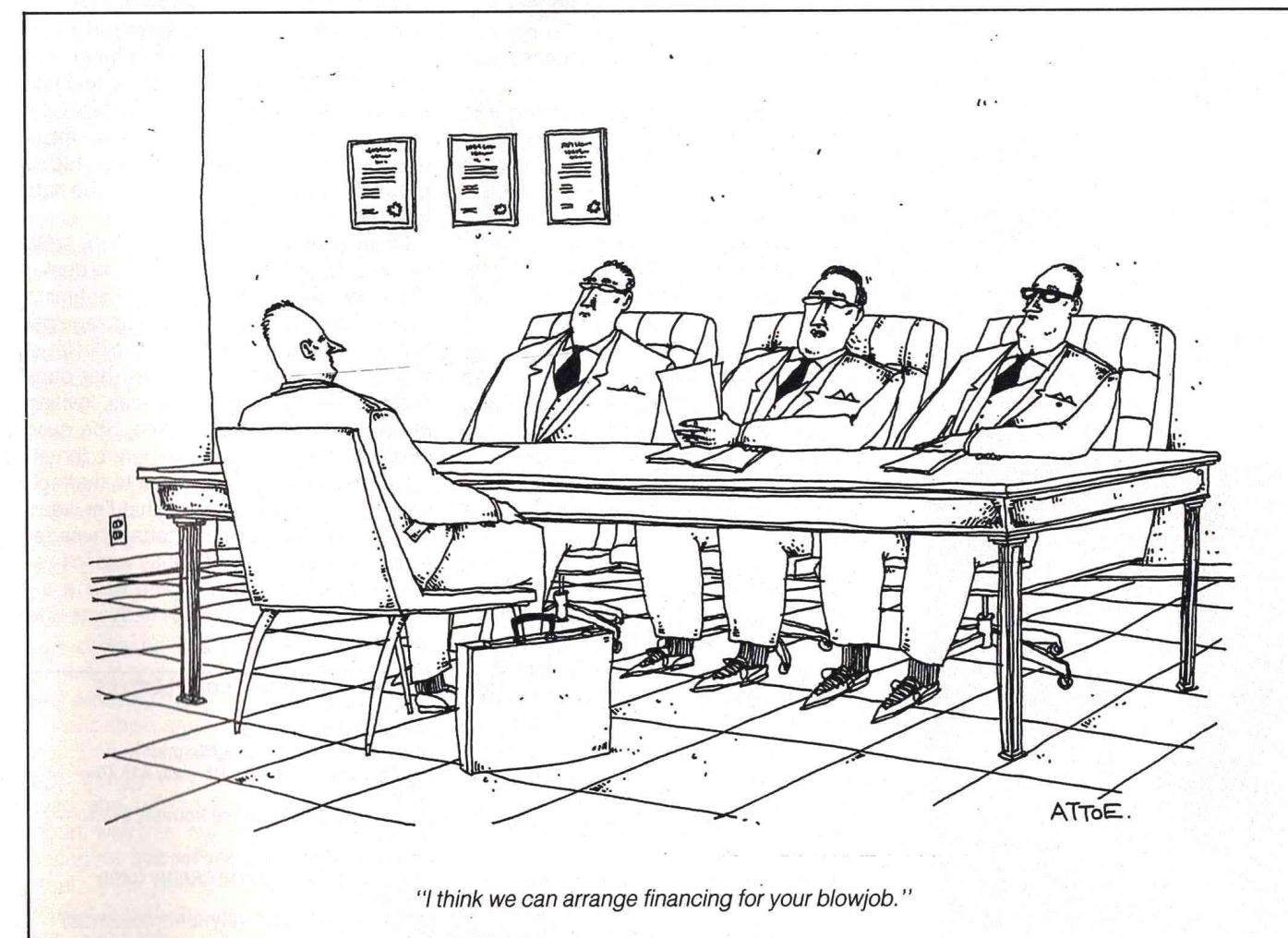
When I took my holidays last Christmas I finally did what I'd been wanting to do for ages — I plucked up the courage to invite

along one of the aerobics instructresses from my gym, a living love goddess called Eva who I'd worked out with regularly in the weights room. She is Danish and, not being familiar with Australia, jumped at the chance to see a bit more of the country. I'd rented out a beach shack near Carnarvon on WA's north-west coast where, along with plenty of swimming and sunbaking, we spent our time getting to know each other better in the idyllic surroundings of our shack's big brass bed. But I never expected to progress as far down the path of sexual intimacy as we did one long, hot summer's night.

We'd eaten a particularly pleasant seafood dinner while, in the background, we'd been serenaded by the rumblings of a storm building on the horizon. When the storm finally arrived Eva and I were sitting on the front porch, having shared a cool shower after the meal. Both of us sat in sarongs, watching the lightning and listening to the thunder.

I turned to her, and she looked beautiful with the flashes going on around her. She realised that I was looking at her and she knew what I was thinking because she moved over, and we began kissing each other slowly. Then a lightning bolt struck nearby and caused a blackout. We continued to kiss, feeling a bit daring with no lights on, and I started to remove Eva's sarong.

She stopped me and got up, letting the



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sarong fall to the ground, and went inside, telling me to stay where I was. After a few minutes she called me. I entered, looked around and saw all these candles lit around the lounge room. Eva was standing in the middle of the room, wearing this sexy pink and black lace lingerie. She approached me with open arms and her hot, soft, wet lips kissed me all over before planting themselves passionately on my mouth. I slowly untied her pink and black outfit, letting it fall to reveal her perfect breasts with the nipples standing erect in excitement. I moved down on to her breast, sucking away at her nipple while she removed my sarong.

Then, pushing me on my back, she engulfed my hard cock with her mouth while I fondled her nipples and her lace-covered pussy. She was feeling wet, so I pulled her panties off and got into a 69 position. After eating her sweet cunt and she sucking my cock till we couldn't stand it any more, we broke free. She lay on her back and spread her legs wide, peeled her moist cunt lips open with her fingers, and said huskily: "I'm yours. Fuck me now, hard and fast."

Ignoring the insistent throbbing of my engorged cock, I motioned for her to wait and went to the kitchen, where I took a carrot from the fridge. I walked back into the lounge room and knelt down beside her, dangling the carrot from my fingers and looking at her provocatively. To my surprise she gasped, "Yes, please, and hurry!"

So I inserted the carrot, pumping it in and out until she started to climax. Then I took the carrot out and slid my hard cock into her dripping cunt. I almost blew straight away, but, exerting iron self-control, I went slow until I'd fucked her to the ultimate orgasm. After fucking her for some time in half a dozen other positions she lay on her back with one leg over my shoulder and the other on the floor, her glistening vagina fully exposed. It was like showing a red rag to a bull — I started to fuck her like a steam train racing to its final station. We both exploded in a violent orgasm — at the same instant the lights came on again. — *Name and address withheld*

The tie that binds

It was late in the afternoon on a hot, sticky Friday in November and most of my office occupants had already departed for the weekend. I would have been gone, too, except for a deadline that had to be met. As 5pm neared, I rose from my desk to stretch and sauntered lazily down the hall. Hearing some faint pecking on a keyboard, I curiously followed the sounds to a corner office.

Poking my head around the door, my eyes fell on a very curvaceous brunette whose back was turned to me. She must

have been new, as evidenced by the handwritten nameplate on her desk and the office's bare walls. A rush of excitement surged through me as I cleared my throat to announce my presence. Her eyes were a crystal-clear blue and a few extra buttons were open on her blouse, affording her some relief from the heat while giving me a glimpse of well-defined cleavage. We talked for a short while, and she admitted to having noticed me before — at meetings and in the hallways. She said that she especially admired my ties. With that, I tossed my tie over my shoulder, smiled, and jokingly told her that if she wanted the tie, to come and take it off me.

Giggling, she approached me and began to loosen the tie from around my neck. The smell of her perfume teased my senses as our faces drew near and our eyes locked together. My brain was rushing wildly and my groin was responding to it. I dropped my hands, resting them "innocently" on her hips, then, getting no resistance, I pulled her closer to me. As if on cue, we melted into a long, passionate kiss. Our breathing became frantic as my hands travelled down to and over her firm, round buttocks. Nudging the door closed with my foot, I slid my hands under her skirt, groping for the elastic of her panties. With the ache in my groin growing — among other things — I tugged at the lacy fabric, urging it down over her hips, letting the panties fall to the floor. As she began tugging at my pants, I reached up for my already loosened red paisley tie and pulled it off. Holding one end in each hand, and with the precision of a surgeon, I reached around her and guided the silky fabric up between her thighs and into her moist haven. She shuddered as the fabric rubbed rhythmically back and forth into her wet lips and over her clit.

Dropping the tie, I raised her up, spun her around, and leaned her over the desk. I lifted her skirt to expose her glistening cheeks and pressed myself up against her, guiding my erection between her legs. With a deep moan, she arched her back and raised herself up on her toes, inviting me to deepen the penetration. She quivered with delight at each deliberate thrust.

I still get hard thinking back to that episode. It just dawned on me that I'm wearing a similar red paisley tie today. I wonder if, upon arriving home tonight, I was to toss my tie over my shoulder and cast a sly wink, she would remember. — *Name and address withheld*

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E D I T I O N

forum

Banking the boss

My name is Tracey, I'm 23 years old and I work as a pay mistress in a small company. One Friday we were having drinks after work, and before long I was at the stage where I felt a little tipsy but not actually drunk. Even so, I can't believe that I actually did something I had only dreamt of doing up till that point.

Our boss, Daniel, who is in his early forties and built quite nicely — you know, firm muscles, nice arse — was sitting at his desk in his office with his head in his hands. I noticed as I walked past that he didn't look happy. I knew that he was having trouble with the company and his snobby wife, and without thinking about what I was doing, I walked into his office and gently placed my hands on his shoulders. He was startled, but before he could say anything, I raised my finger to my lips and sounded the sexiest "shhh" I could muster.

Now that I had his attention, I pulled his chair out slightly from the desk, then removed his tie and undid his shirt, easing it so it sat around his upper arms. Gently but firmly, I began kneading the flesh on his shoulders and neck, and I could feel the tension in his back begin to subside.

The feel of his flesh beneath my fingers was arousing me. I brushed one of my breasts against the back of his head and felt the nipple stand up, which sent a slight warming feeling between my legs. I lent over and undid the rest of the buttons on his shirt and removed it altogether, then ran my fingers up and down his neck and pressed my thumb into the area at the base of his skull. Working his shoulders, I traced my hands down his back, then back up over his shoulders and down on to his chest. My heart started beating faster as I caressed his chest and teased his nipples. Wondering if I was turning him on was arousing me.

I lent down and started to chew his ear lobe. Daniel raised his arms and ran his fingers through my hair, then grasped my head and moved it till my moist, eager mouth was near his. Wow, what a kiss! He traced my lips with his tongue, let our lips meet, then pulled away teasingly and started again, opening my mouth gently with his tongue. Once more he pulled

away, but the third time he plunged his tongue searchingly into my mouth. Sucking my tongue, he pulled his tongue out of my mouth as I eased mine into his.

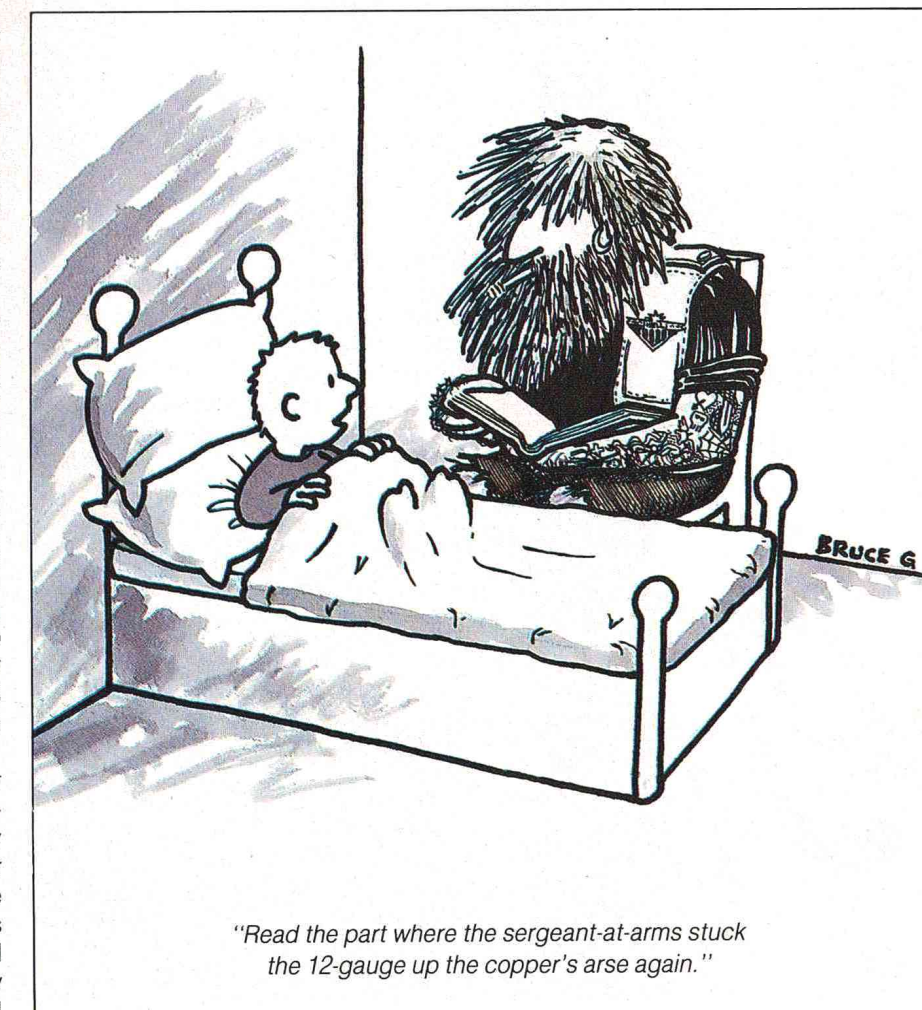
He released his hold on my head and I stood back up behind him. Now I was sure he was as turned on as I was — I only had to look at the bulge in his trousers for proof. The knowledge of this only heightened my excitement. I walked over to the office door and closed it, then took the phone off the hook on my way back past the desk. As I approached Daniel I slowly removed my clothes; when I was down to bra and panties I traced my hands over my breasts, rising from underneath, gently squeezing them, pushing them together. I undid the catch at the back of the bra and let the straps fall around my upper arms, holding the bra in place with one hand while fondling one of my nipples with the other.

I turned away from Daniel and let the bra fall to the floor. Cheekily, I bent over with my legs slightly apart, then rolled my panties down over my thighs and off on to the floor as I stepped out of them. By this stage Daniel had removed his trousers, but was still sitting on the chair. I placed my toes on his crotch and teased his engorged penis while I returned to teasing my nipples and cupping my breasts with my hands. I felt Daniel's hands slide along my inner thighs, up and down, allowing his fingers to brush over my clit.

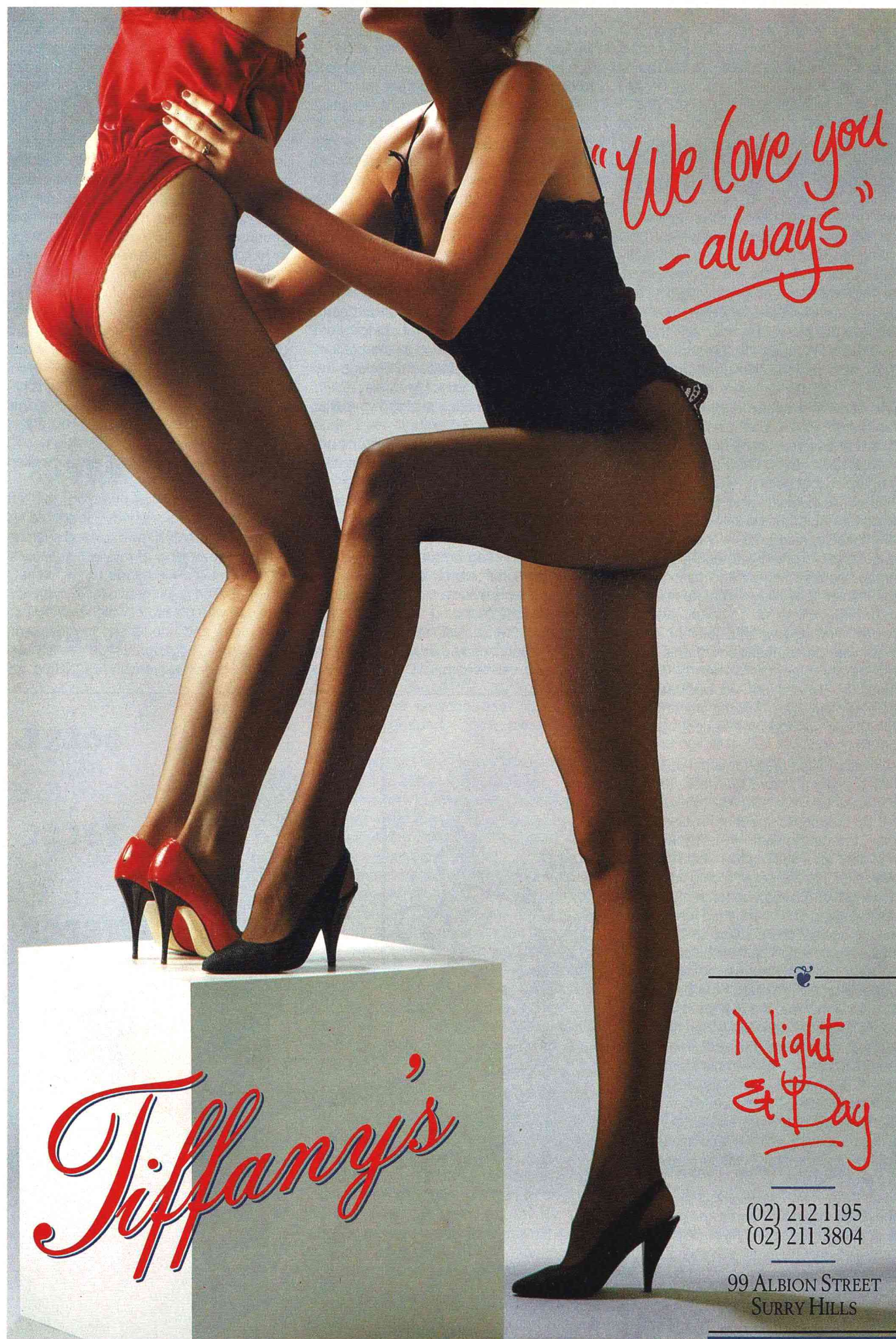
I softly squealed with pleasure, bending the leg I was balancing on, allowing my legs to open further. I started rocking back and forth as the pleasure welled up inside me.

As I orgasmed, my eyes closed and my head fell back. I nearly lost my balance but Daniel caught me in his arms. Recovering, I placed my hands on his chest and traced them down over his hips, slowly easing his jocks off. Once I'd removed them from around his ankles, I rose slowly, allowing my hands to run up the insides of his legs. I just had to feel his buttocks, so I took his cock in my mouth and squeezed his arse while I tongued him. Then I moved my mouth up to his lips for another kiss and rubbed my naked body against his. I was aching to have him inside me, so I motioned that he sit back on the chair. I straddled him, easing myself on to his enormous dick. I was nice and wet and it slipped in easily, but I'm also tight so I could feel every throbbing inch as he filled me up.

As I could do all the pumping, this left Daniel free to roam my body. He placed his hands in the small of my back and seemed to enjoy the feeling of my rocking pelvis. Then he moved his hands to my breasts and gently ran his fingers over my nipples. I moaned with pleasure, which excited him even more, and I could see the sweat on his chest as he approached his climax. Rubbing my clit feverishly, I reached my



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threshold and teetered deliciously on the brink. "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" he gasped as he buried his head between my breasts, and through the haze of my own release I could feel the pulsing of his orgasm within me. When it finally subsided he raised his face and smiled.

Since then, I have received flowers and a card asking if I was in need of a massage — but that's another story. — *Name and address withheld*

Elevator encounter

It had been a long day at work, and when the elevator doors finally opened, inside stood Larry, all 6'2" of him. He has a broad chest and a tight little bum, and he was dressed in shades of blue that made him even more attractive than I remembered.

For the past month, I'd been trying my best to avoid him, all because I had woken up next to him in bed after a party we had both attended. I had been doing well until now, but it was getting harder and harder to tell myself that I didn't want more. I wanted at least a running chance at having a relationship. I wanted him to know that the woman he woke up next to that night wasn't the complete me. So with some reservations, I stepped into the elevator, trying to act calm. But I lost my cool when he flashed that dazzling smile at me. All I knew was that I wanted him again. But this time I wanted to remember every delicious inch of him.

We stood there in silence as the elevator descended. Finally, he broke the ice and asked: "How come I haven't seen you since the party?" I replied, rather coldly, "You forgot to ask for my phone number." His eyes were amused as my message hit home.

My body was starting to betray me. I wanted him to kiss me, not talk. My memories of that night were fuzzy. All I could remember was the fantasy feeling of how I couldn't get enough. I think he must have been reading my mind, because just then he reached out and touched my cheek with his fingertips, looking into my eyes with his baby blues. I stepped closer, catching his finger in his mouth, sucking on it with slow, deliberate purpose. I knew he would understand my message loud and clear.

Pulling me to him, he kissed me hard on the lips. I could feel this intense male heat burning me like a branding iron. My body

felt as if I could melt into a puddle at his feet at any time. I knew that I had to keep my wits about me, because at any moment the elevator doors could open up and we would be on display for all to see. So with every bit of willpower I possessed, I tried to keep my senses from running away with me.

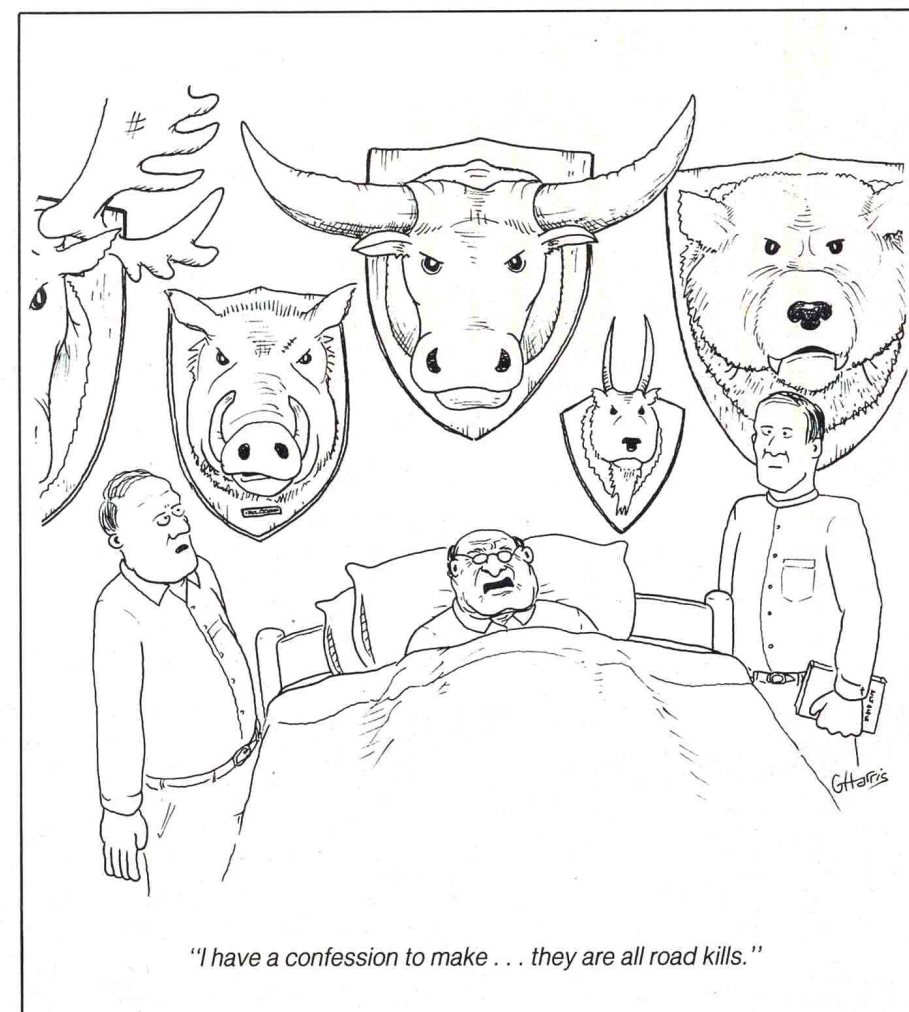
Just then, the doors flew open and we jumped apart. But to our surprise, there was no one there. The halls were quiet and empty. Larry hit the "close" button, and followed that by pushing the emergency stop. Once the door was shut, he turned to me with a lustful glint in his eyes. He took me in his arms again and we kissed with a passion that couldn't be denied, throwing all caution to the wind. I remember his breath was hot and sweet as he kissed my cheeks, travelling slowly down my neck.

With great skill, he opened my blouse, burying his tongue between my breasts. His long, lapping strokes drove me nuts. I could feel my juices flowing freely as he pushed me up against the wall, threatening to take my breath away with his increasing desire. I know that he had a definite plan, because he turned me around to face the panelled wall. Then, as he pressed up against me, I could feel his rock-hard cock against my arse. He slid back and forth, teasing me with his erection. His hands were cool and inviting as he slid them up under my skirt to pull my panty hose down past my knees. I knew

that he could feel my need as my juices ran over his fingers while he probed the hot regions of my pussy. My hands caressed the elevator railing as he glided easily into me. The sensations that were racing through my body were incredible. I rose to meet each thrust, and the size of him made me catch my breath a few times as pleasure surged through me, evoking an unexplainably intoxicating feeling. Our tempo continued to increase as skin met skin with a resounding slapping of flesh.

I started to come slowly, much like a pan that is set to boil, its bubbles rising slowly to the surface with increasing velocity. Then my orgasm burst forth in a rage. My body shook and my hands grew white from grasping the rail. But he didn't let up. Larry pumped even harder as orgasm after orgasm overtook me. He grabbed my hips as his own climax surged through him into me. I thought I would explode with the volume of it. With one final thrust, all motion suddenly stopped.

Finally, we moved apart from each other, straightening ourselves up in the process. Both of us were at a loss for words. We were standing apart, but Larry closed the distance and put his arm around me. He then reached down and turned the elevator back on. He smiled at me and asked: "What's your phone number?" It was a great continuation to a wonderful beginning. — *Name and address withheld* 



loose ends

And the winners are ...

The winners of the Rado Competition featured in the September '91 issue of *Australian Penthouse* were: K. Whyte, St Clair, NSW; C. Berghofer, West Pymble, NSW; P. Connell, Dapto, NSW. Runners-up: R. Dyer, Alpha, Qld; W. Amor, Dubbo, NSW; J. Widmer, Port Pirie, SA; D. Glen, Coal Point, NSW; G. Glover, Ramsgate, NSW; M. Thomas, Richmond, Vic; A. Studholme, Gilgandra, NSW; R. Donovan, Kallangal, Qld; A. Artuso, Cairns, Qld; J. Attard, Templestowe, Vic; V. Graham, Coppabella, Qld; B. DePassey, Bunbury, WA; I. Simpson, Nyngan, NSW; S. McMillan, Hobart, Tas; L. McGill, Magill, SA; J. Woods, Kambah, ACT; J. McCrae, Tamworth, NSW; R. Newcombe, Abbotsford, NSW; P. Win, Sth Hedland, WA; E. Seymour, Newcastle, NSW.

The winners of the Tooheys Competition, October 1991 were: S. Punch, Wahroonga, NSW. Runners-up: J. Singleton, Wayatinah, Tas; I. Kenah, Sth Kempsey, NSW; S. O'Keefe, Jannali, NSW; I. Bond, Mt Isa, Qld; L. DuFresne, Rio Vista, Qld; T. Greene, Kalgoorlie, WA; M. Wilmott, Ingle Farm, SA; M. Perrot, North Beach, Perth; S. Haywood, Pymble, NSW; D. Robinson, Moorooka, Qld.



OLYMPIC VISION

Ray-Ban, a major sponsor of the 1992 Summer and Winter Olympics, has launched a range of sunglasses to coincide with the Games. The Ray-Ban Olympic Series comprise six sporting models in either metal or durable nylon, featuring Ray-Ban's renowned lenses for vision excellence, with color brow bar options in the nylon series. Priced between \$164 and \$210, look for Ray-Ban Olympians at leading department stores and optical shops.



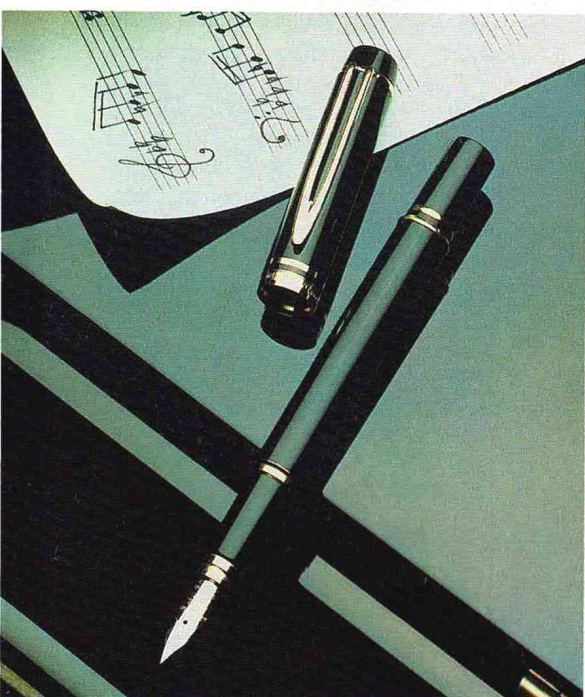
TAKE A BREATH

Most wine lovers insist on breathing their wines before drinking, especially their prized reds. Young tannic reds benefit most of all. But if you don't want to wait an hour or so to drink a good wine, there's now a device that breathes your wine immediately. The Red Wine Breatheasy is a silver-plated funnel that incorporates a patented reservoir impedance valve from which poured wine emerges in a "flare", thus gently exposing the wine to the maximum amount of air. Used in conjunction with a decanter, glass jug or to pour into individual glasses, the Australian-invented Red Wine Breatheasy also features a simple mesh filter which gathers cork crumble, sediment and crystals. Pick up one for around \$49.50 at David Jones Wine Departments, or phone (03) 596 8388 for further stockist information.



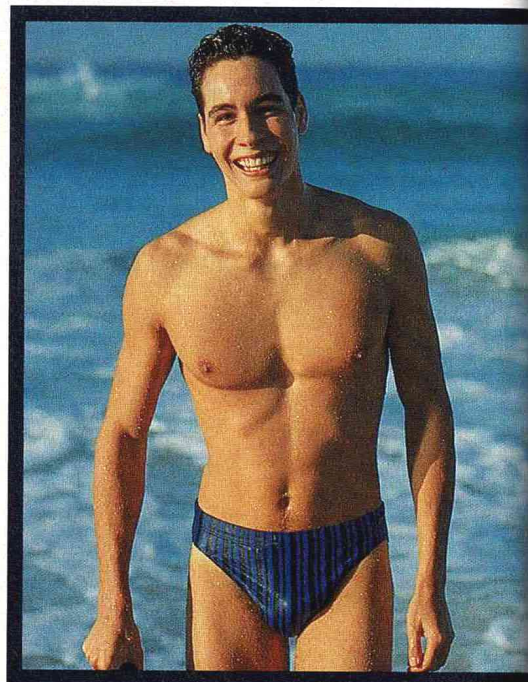
SPIRIT OF AUSTRALIA

New from Bundaberg, distillers of Australia's most famous and best-selling spirit, comes Bundaberg Royal Liqueur — a very special rum, coffee and chocolate after dinner nip. To be sipped neat or used as a mixer for a range of cocktails, this new line from Bundy is now available at liquor outlets nationally.



PERSONALISED PENS

For chronic writer's block, a Waterman pen is the panacea. These beautifully wrought scribblers are made in France, despite the name, and whether it's a fountain, roller or ballpoint pen the nib tip is made from tougher-than-steel iridium. The rest of the nib is hand-crafted in gold inlaid with rhodium, which means the pen will adjust over time to your idiosyncratic writing style. The barrel is leak-proof, scratch-resistant and gold-trimmed. The pens range in price from \$100 to \$10,000, and are available from pen specialists and department stores.

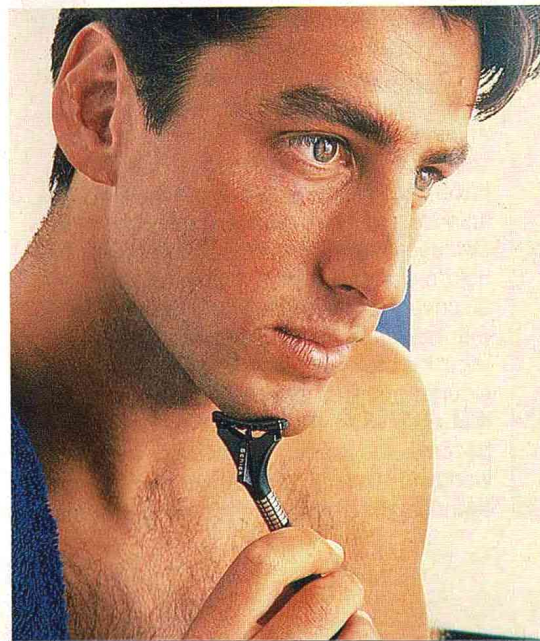


RACE FIT

From Seafolly, Australia's leading swimwear company, the Sea Sport range of men's swimmers has been designed with performance and fit as top priorities. Offering an attractive alternative to most racing swimwear previously available, the Sea Sport range this season sports a wide variety of colorful graphics and classic stripes in designs that work in and out of the water. Available from leading department stores and boutiques.

bendy blades

All 6.5 million Aussie males who lather up most mornings for a scrape-down will welcome the news that Schick has come up with a razor which increases shaving pleasure. Flexible twin-blades follow the contours of your face, unlike other swivel-head razors where the blades stay rigid. The FX also incorporates an aloe lubricating strip and a rubberised grip. Available from supermarkets, pharmacies and selected retail outlets.



BEST OF THE WEST

Sandalford wines have now released their 1990 Sandalford Margaret River Verdelho Reserve produced entirely from Verdelho grapes grown at the winery's estate in Western Australia. Celebrated winemaker Christian Morlaes ranks the elegant and complex wine among the best verdelho wines Sandalford has ever produced. Partly fermented in French oak casks, the wine is ready for immediate drinking but will develop additional richness with age. The 1990 Verdelho Reserve retails for \$18.50 at selected liquor outlets.



HOT DATES

The latest calendar releases from The Ink Group have 1992 covered from every angle. Hottest among the range are the ever popular *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit Calendar (\$19.95) and datebook (\$15.95), the very sexy *Touche* calendar (\$14.95) and a month by month collection of photos of the bizarrely pneumatic *Barbi Twins* (\$14.95). For those looking not for tits but titters, check out cartoonist Gary Larson's *Far Side* range of greeting cards (27 new designs), calendar (\$14.95), Datebook (\$15.95) and Page-A-Day (\$15.95). The very wide range is available at Ink Group shops and leading department stores.

SKIN TRADE

Continued from page 106

calamitous tendency to fall down in maintaining his catches once in captivity. Most animals die before being shipped off.

Traps of every sort have been used throughout history, but birdlime must be one of the oldest of all man's trapping devices. It is a sticky substance that is applied to twigs and branches on which a bird descends. Once it has landed, the bird is unable to break away again. Birdlime is most often used on trapping devices to which animals are drawn by bait, only to become stuck fast. Today it is still used extensively to trap ground-feeding birds in Australia.

Every year, 40 million animals are caught in steel-jawed traps for the international fur industry. The steel-jawed trap is an instrument of torture — designed so that when a plate on the trap is touched by an unsuspecting animal's paw, two serrated metal jaws slam shut on the animal's leg, trapping it before it can escape. Animals caught by this method often become frenzied and chew off their paws or grind their teeth down to the bone in a futile attempt to set themselves free.

By far the most common of the commercially available traps today are the "multi-catch" traps, simple devices that can be purchased in trade stores for catching animals alive. They consist of a wire-mesh box with a trapdoor through which animals can enter seeking food, but once inside cannot leave.

In Australia the Brimantly kite is the bird of prey most collectors seek, a sleek, handsome bird that is trapped on the animal's habitual reluctance to let go of its food. Trappers rely on loops of horsehair sewn into a large chunk of meat that is attached to the end of a very long line. The trapper swings the bait in swooping arches in an area frequented by a congregation of kites, in much the same way as a falconer uses a lure, slowly letting out more line until a kite is drawn to the bait, quickly becoming entangled in its tiny nooses. The kite, refusing to let go of his prize, is soon brought to earth.

The trapping of birds was revolutionised with the arrival of the mist net. Due to their efficiency, mist nets are illegal in most countries. Through the ages, most nets have been visible to the acute eyesight of animals and if they were fine enough not to be seen, they were not strong enough to hold a struggling bird. That was until the discovery of terylene. The Japanese and the Taiwanese now make mist nets in a very fine black terylene, and although considerable skill is needed to set them so that they work efficiently, they have now become the trademark of bird trappers worldwide, exacting a toll like no other on dwindling bird populations. 



Pet Of The Month, Alexandra Mead

INSIDE FEBRUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Hard Case — Ron Casey, Australia's most famous fighter after Jeff Fenech, rejects the image of a screaming redneck. Australia's most controversial broadcaster says there are two Ron Caseys, "and the one who hit Normie Rowe — that's not the real me." Is he crazy or crafty? Meet the real Ron Casey in February *Australian Penthouse*.

Gold Coast Crime — Bag-snatching, mugging, aggravated robbery, even murder. As the recession has deepened, crime has become a growth industry, and it's nowhere more prevalent than the 40km strip of beaches once known as Australia's tourism capital. Find out how crime is threatening the Gold Coast's tourist industry in next month's edition of *Australian Penthouse*.

Sweat And Blood — The annual running of the bulls in Pamplona, Spain, is an orgy of drunkenness and rampant manhood. Injuries and bruises are the prizes for the winners — those who stay closest to Spain's fiercest fighting bulls in a mad dash with death. Catch the action in next month's *Penthouse*.

Davo's Little Something — Robert Barrett's Les Norton novels were one of the success stories of Australian publishing in the Eighties. February *Australian Penthouse* presents an exclusive extract from Barrett's latest novel, *Davo's Little Something*, which features his latest character — Davo. If you thought casino bouncer Les Norton was a hard man, wait till you meet the butcher from Bondi.

Pet Of The Month — February Pet Of The Month, Alexandra Mead, is a sultry, freedom-loving Aussie from Adelaide who'll do anything for a dare. Catch up with Alexandra in next month's edition of *Australian Penthouse*.

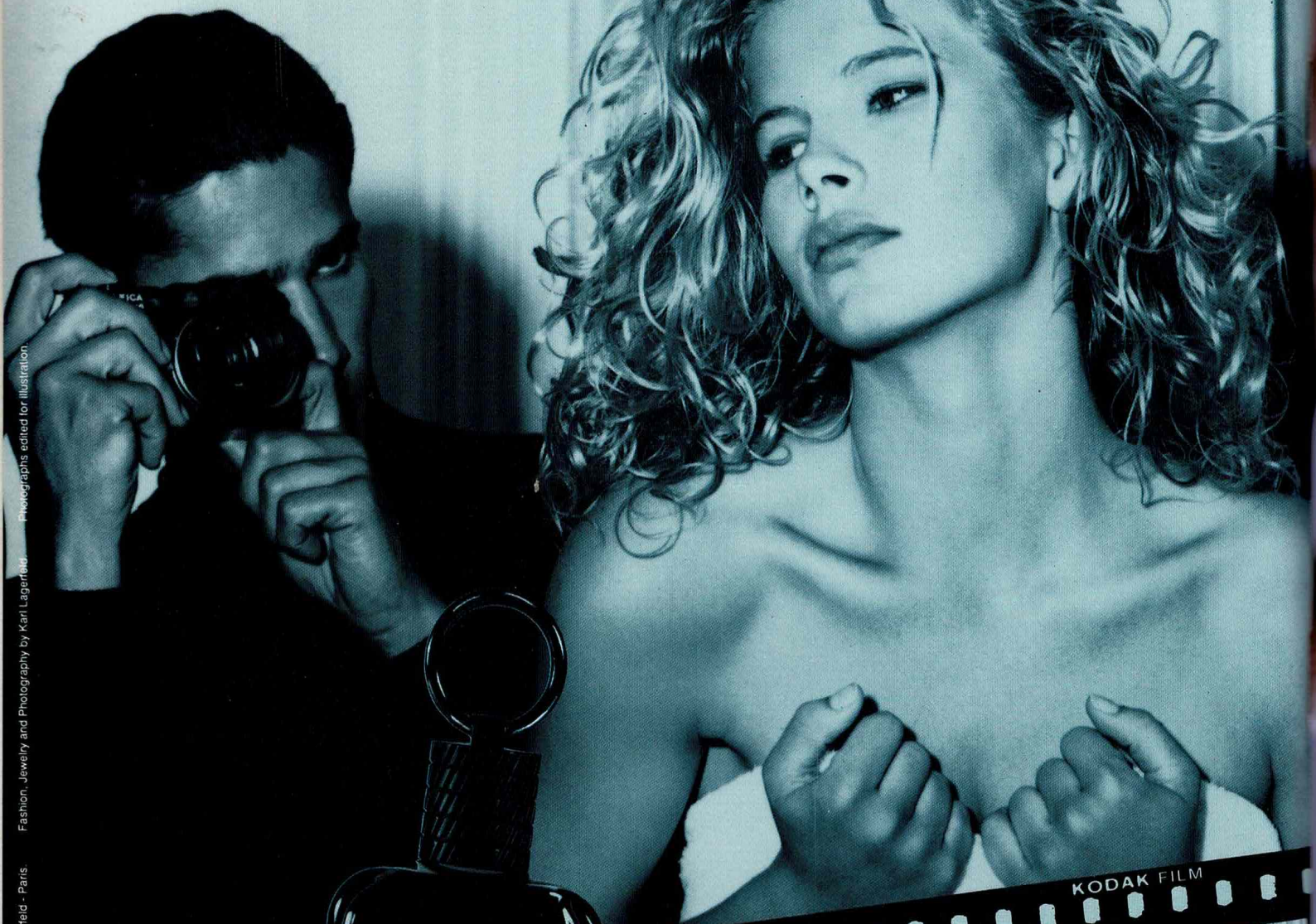
SALINGER
Methode Champenoise
Vintage 1988
750ML

**SALINGER TOOK ON THE
WORLD'S BEST ... AND WON!**

The annual International Wine Challenge in London is regarded by many as the largest and most important wine competition in the world. 300 judges painstakingly compared over 4,500 wines from around the world. Competition for the coveted "Sparkling Wine of the Year" award is intense. This year two vintages of Seppelt Salingler were named as winners, the 1988 and 1989. Seppelt is already the most awarded sparkling winemaker in Australia, now the Europeans are discovering just how good our sparkling wines are.



The Sexy new men's fragrance



Parfums Lagerfeld - Paris. Fashion, Jewelry and Photography by Karl Lagerfeld. Photographs edited for illustration.

